

English Readings

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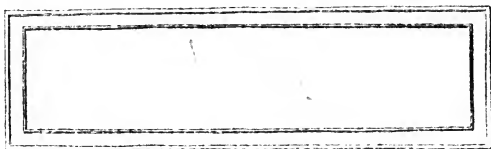
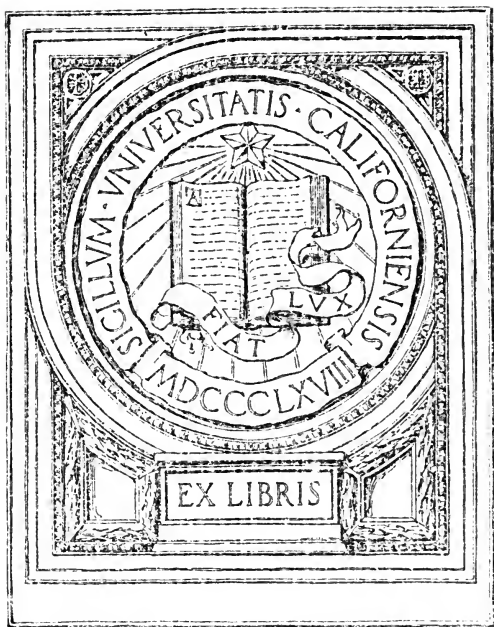


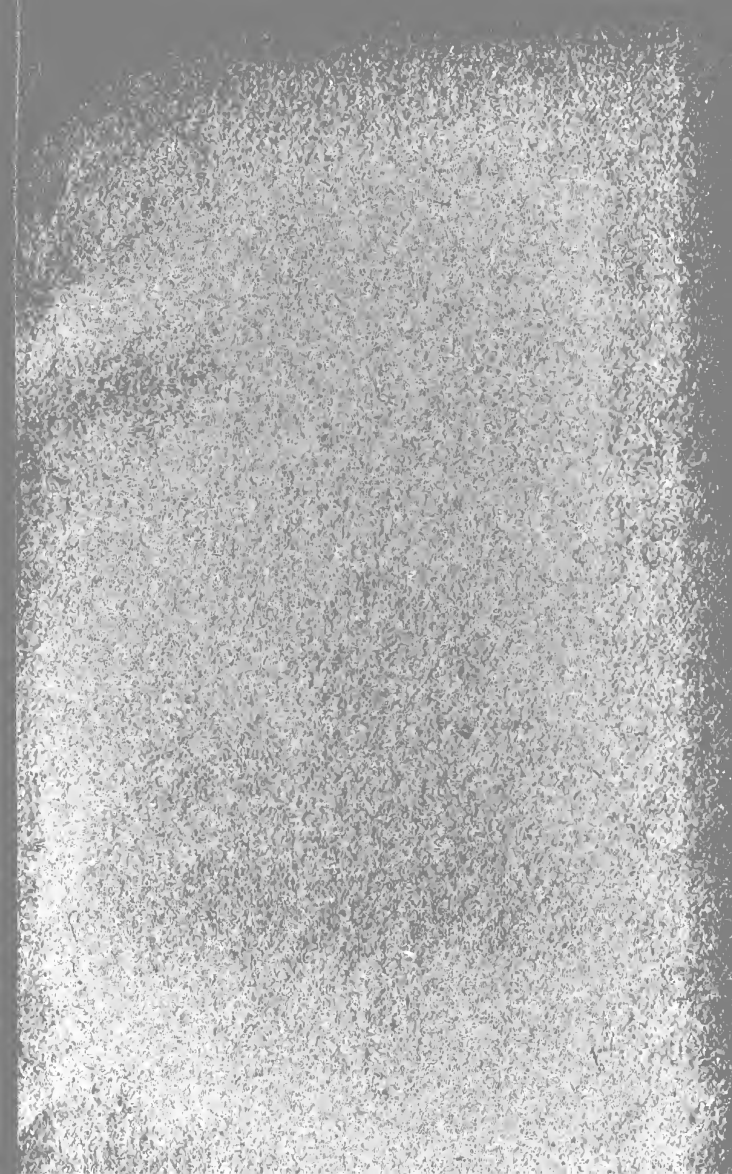
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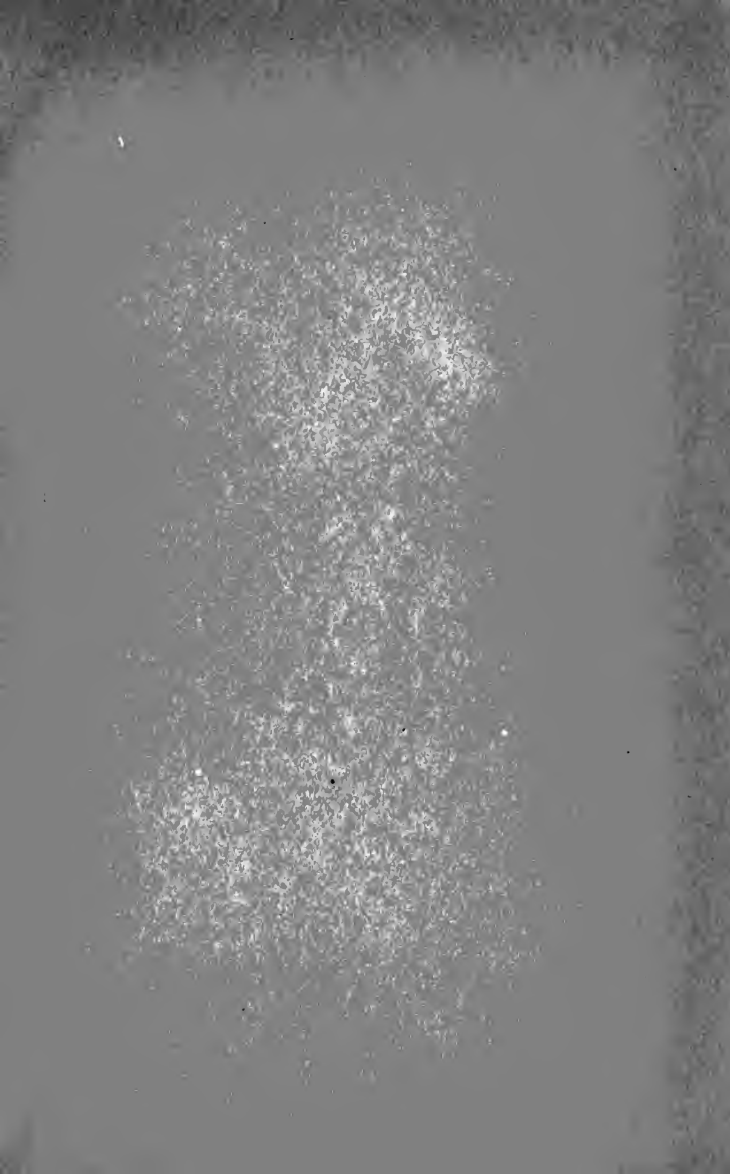
SPECIMENS OF THE

SHORT STORY









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SPECIMENS  
OF  
THE SHORT STORY

*EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES*

BY

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## PREFACE.

THIS collection of short stories has two purposes: first, to give to the general reader interesting specimens of the best narration; second, within small compass, to supply the teacher or student of English composition with varied and profitable material for study of the art of narrative writing. The stories were selected for intrinsic interest, for interest in their authors, and for variety. Literature does not draw hard-and-fast lines of distinction, but, roughly speaking, each of these specimens may fairly be held to represent a different phase of narrative art. *The Superannuated Man* may be termed the Sketch; *Rip Van Winkle*, the Tale; *The Great Stone Face*, the Allegory; *The Purloined Letter*, the Detective Story; *Phil Fogarty*, the Burlesque; *Dr. Manette's Manuscript*, the Adventure Story, or Story of Incident; *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, the Local Color Story; and *Markheim*, the Psychological Story. Such a selection, while obviously not all-inclusive, offers widely divergent material for reading or analysis.

In thus insisting upon variety in the choice of stories it is inevitable that some authors are not represented by their best work. Admirable as is *The Purloined Letter*, few would rank it above *The Fall of the House*

of *Usher*. In the case of Thackeray graver objection could be urged. Not only is burlesque a minor phase of Thackeray's narrative genius, but Thackeray himself is not really a short-story writer. Still *Phil Fogarty* well represents the Burlesque, and has the added advantage of interest in its author. Lamb, too, is essentially an essayist, yet *The Superannuated Man* is an admirable starting-point for the study of narrative in its lowest terms.

The introductions prefixed to the separate stories have in mind both the general reader and the student of composition and literary criticism. In giving the "Life" of each author, radical departure has been made from the current encyclopædic method. The first short paragraph aims to furnish an exact, terse statement of facts. The succeeding paragraphs attempt to let the author tell his own life-story. The novelty of this method it is hoped will give to the student not the dry skeleton of facts, but, in Macaulay's words, "the details which constitute the charm of biography." Sufficient specific references to the author's work are given to enable the reader to follow out readily this first-hand study. The very full quotations from Lamb's letters given in the Notes show how closely one may sometimes trace personal history in supposed fiction. Such study not merely makes biography interesting, but deepens one's insight into the author's literary genius and spirit.

The paragraphs on "Writings" are not bibliographies, but selections of representative works. Under "Literary Qualities" the aim has been not to pass exhaustive literary criticisms, but to suggest to

the student points of interest for further development. Necessarily, the method of treatment has varied with the author discussed. The sections on Thackeray and Dickens are not confined to their minor work in short stories, but strive to give a broader picture of that narrative art best seen in their novels. Comparatively little destructive criticism has been offered. Faults are usually detected sooner than virtues, and, obviously, a text-book should not supply the student with all criticisms ready-made. The last section of each introduction discusses the circumstances of composition of the particular selection and points that aid in its interpretation. The Notes that follow the main text are designed not to point out literary beauties, but to explain difficulties of the text.

The materials for the introductory sketches and notes have been drawn rather from the works of specialists than from general standard authorities. So far as possible, dates of publication have been established at first-hand, especially through files of various magazines, while doubtful statements have not been accepted from any single authority. How scrupulously even the best authorities have to be examined may be instanced in this case. *The Dictionary of National Biography* is noted for accuracy; Sidney Colvin was Stevenson's closest friend and constant biographer; yet in his standard article in this *Dictionary* he has given incorrectly so important and so recent a date as that of Stevenson's death. The error is the more dangerous as such high authority is little questioned and usually unhesitatingly copied. The danger of the mistake is perhaps only the more subtle that the date is correctly

given in Colvin's recent edition of *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Such inaccuracies do not justify others, but add force to the request for corrections of any errors of fact in this book.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the preparation of these specimens my chief thanks are due to Professor Wilbur L. Cross, who has generously read and helpfully criticised all my manuscript. I am much indebted, also, to others of the Yale Faculty—to Professor Charles S. Baldwin for criticism, to Professors Arthur M. Wheeler and J. W. D. Ingersoll, and Dr. George D. Kellogg for some references for the notes, and to Mr. Henry S. Canby for help in proof-reading. The suggestion to represent Dickens by the extract from *A Tale of Two Cities* is due to Mr. Thomas B. Wells, of Harper and Brothers. Finally, in many criticisms offered on some of the authors discussed I gratefully acknowledge very real, though often unconscious, debts to certain discriminating lectures and criticisms of Professors Cross and Henry A. Beers.

YALE UNIVERSITY, April 12, 1901.

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# SPECIMENS OF THE SHORT STORY.

## I.—CHARLES LAMB.

(1775-1834.)

**LIFE.**—Charles Lamb was born in one of the Temple Buildings, London, Feb. 10, 1775. His father was clerk to Samuel Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple. At the age of seven Lamb was sent to Christ's Hospital, the "Blue Coat School," where he remained until November, 1789. Soon he entered the South Sea House. In April, 1792, he became a clerk in the office of the East India Company, where he remained thirty-three years. His severe illness during the winter of 1824-5 induced the directors of the India House to retire him on a pension. He died, five months after his friend Coleridge, Dec. 27, 1834, and was buried in Edmonton churchyard.

The real story of Lamb's life is found in his personal essays and letters. In *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple* Lamb draws vivid pictures of "the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt" and, under the name of Lovel, of the "incorrigible and losing honesty" of John Lamb, his father. The *Recollections of Christ's Hospital* and *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago* are the autobiography of Lamb's school days. Sometimes the memories are happy—of summer holiday excursions to New River when "we would live the long day in the water"—of visits to the Tower—of the "solemn procession through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine, and a shilling"—of Christmas feasting and carols and mirth round the log-fire. Sometimes the memories are less joyous—of "Monday's milk

porridge, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking"—of friendless days "alone among six hundred playmates." Shadows of the cloisters of the Temple and of Christ's Hospital invested the "Blue Coat" lad "with all the self-concentration of a young monk."

In other essays we catch glimpses of Lamb's family and friends. *My Relations* pictures half tenderly, half ironically, the inconsistencies of his brother John. The idyllic reverie entitled *Dream Children* recalls Ann Simmons, the "Alice" of his youthful disappointment in love.

Two friendships are the crowning beauty of Lamb's personal history. At Christ's Hospital began his life-long intimacy with Coleridge—"the inspired charity boy." To Coleridge, Lamb turned as to a master—"You first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness." The story of that poetic friendship is told in Lamb's letters to Coleridge. The friendship of Charles and Mary Lamb has both the deepest beauty and pathos. In the Lamb family was a strain of hereditary insanity. Charles Lamb himself in the winter of 1795-6 was in an asylum for six weeks. On Sept. 22, 1796, in a fit of temporary insanity, angered at a sewing-girl who was working with her in the family sitting-room, Mary Lamb turned upon her own mother who had interposed to save the girl, and fatally stabbed her. Charles Lamb had just come of age, but from that time forth with unique devotion he sacrificed to his sister his whole life. Mary's attacks of insanity were intermittent, and she outlived her brother by more than a dozen years. *Mackery End, in Hertfordshire* tells with a lover's tenderness how brother and sister lived together "old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness."

WRITINGS.—In the spring of 1796, Coleridge included in a volume of his own verse four sonnets of his friend Lamb. Lamb is not remembered for his poetry, but *The Old Familiar Faces* has his tenderness, and *A Farewell to Tobacco* his quaint humor. In January, 1807, appeared the familiar *Tales from Shakespeare*, collaborated by Charles and Mary Lamb. Lamb's fondness for the then comparatively unknown works of other Elizabethan dramatists was shown in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*

published in the following year. A tragedy, a "dramatic poem," and two farces, may be mentioned as Lamb's own experiments in the congenial world of the theatre.

Lamb's truest poetry is his prose. In August, 1820, probably at the suggestion of Hazlitt, Lamb contributed to the *London Magazine*, then in its first year, *Recollections of the South Sea House*. He adopted the pen-name of "Elia" in whimsical memory of an obscure office clerk of that name. Between August, 1820, and December, 1822, Lamb contributed some twenty-five essays thus signed. These were reprinted in 1823 under the title, —*Elia—Essays which have appeared under that signature in the 'London Magazine.'* Ten years later followed the volume *The Last Essays of Elia*. In the Elia papers and in his letters, Lamb's genius is at its height.

LITERARY QUALITIES.—Lamb's literary masters were the seventeenth century prose writers. In Fuller, Browne, and Burton he steeped himself as Thackeray did in the Queen Anne authors. From them he caught not merely their quaintness and beauty of style, but their spirit. The influence on Lamb of the Elizabethans, of Shakespeare, pre-eminently, is also marked.

The charm of Lamb's personality well-nigh disarms the critic. Scarcely any other English author comes so close to the reader's heart. Tenderness—grace—cordiality—imagination—humor—sympathy—are words that come unconsciously at mention of Charles Lamb. Whatever his debt to his literary ancestors his exquisite blending of humor and pathos is peculiarly his own. Critics have sometimes urged against him lack of depth, but the lover of Elia always feels between the lines the deep heart-throbs of Lamb's own life story.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.—The following sketch, included now-a-days in *The Last Essays of Elia*, first appeared in the issue for May, 1825, of the *London Magazine*. Lamb's severe illness during the winter of 1824-5 induced the directors of the India House, where he had been employed for more than thirty years, to retire him on a pension. From February, 1825, Lamb's letters are full of the hope of emancipation from the drudgery of the East India office. To Barton, the "Quaker poet," he wrote on Feb. 10, "Oh that I were kicked out of Leadenhall with every mark of in-

dignity, and a competence in my fob. The birds of the air would not be so free as I should. How I would prance and curvet it, and pick up cowslips, and ramble about purposeless as an idiot!" On March 23 he wrote again to Barton, "I have a glimpse of freedom, of becoming a gentleman at large; but I am put off from day to day. I have offered my resignation, and it is neither accepted nor rejected. Eight weeks am I kept in this fearful suspense." Before many weeks the suspense was over. On March 29 Lamb bade final farewell to his desk. The joy of his new-found liberty finds fullest expression in the letter of April 6 to Wordsworth—"Here am I then, after thirty-three years' slavery sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with £441 a year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who outlived his annuity and starved at ninety. . . .

"I came home FOREVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity." In a letter to Barton, Lamb writes in the same strain. He adds, however, this interesting record of his visit to the old office—"I went and sat among 'em all at my old thirty-three years' desk yester morning; and, deuce take me, if I had not yearnings at leaving all my old pen-and-ink fellows, merry, sociable lads, at leaving them in the lurch, fag, fag, fag!—The comparison of my own superior felicity gave me anything but pleasure." The most casual glance will show that from the events thus recorded in Lamb's letters grew the finished *Elia* sketch.

*The Superannuated Man* is a narrative not of action but of emotion. Plot is almost wholly subservient to character analysis. Yet, however interwoven with revery, the thread of the plot is never lost—from the day when the author takes his seat at the desk in Mincing Lane, through the tediousness of office drudgery, to final freedom in retirement on pension. From the standpoint of plot this is the climax. In the rest of the sketch, however, enough action is introduced to prevent stagnation of the plot. The revisiting of the old familiar office and the visits to the book-stalls of Soho and to the Elgin marbles maintain a slight thread of incident.

*The Superannuated Man* stands nearer to some of Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley* sketches than to the modern short story. Both Addison and Lamb possess one essential of the story-teller—the art of character-analysis. Both lack full plot-development. From the standpoint of the short story, however, such a sketch as *The Superannuated Man* is worthy of most careful study. Plot is reduced almost to its lowest terms—character analysis is centered in the study of one man.

## The Superannuated Man.

1825.

(From *The Last Essays of Elia*.)

Sera tamen respexit

Libertas.—VIRGIL.

A Clerk I was in London gay.

O'KEEFE.

IF peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison-days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six-and-thirty years, since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently intervening vacations of school-days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at the counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself ; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers,—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated apprentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant-maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour ; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had á day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence ; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the

year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit  
5 of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene  
10 before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

15 Independently of the rigors of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health  
20 and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my ac-  
25 counts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were, and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me  
30 upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of

my employers, when, on the fifth of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession 5 of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words, of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained laboring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in 10 my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when, on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was 15 about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock), I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlor. I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told 20 that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious 25 conduct during the whole of the time, (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life, (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few 30 questions as to the amount of my own property, of

which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer ! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just  
10 ten minutes after eight I went home—forever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

15 *Esto perpetua !*

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity ; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I  
20 was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity,—for it is a sort of Eternity for a  
25 man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue ; I could see no end of my possessions ; I wanted some steward, or  
30 judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active

business, not lightly nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a 5 quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a 10 day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or 15 scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

that's born, and has his years come to him,  
In some green desert.

20

"Years!" you will say; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other 25 people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. 30

The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me three-fold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

- 5 Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting-House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday.
- 10 The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year, been closely associated,—being suddenly removed from them,—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy,
- 15 in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death :

- 'Twas but just now he went away;  
I have not since had time to shed a tear;  
And yet the distance does the same appear  
As if he had been a thousand years from me.  
20 Time takes no measure in Eternity.

- To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since, to visit my old desk-fellows,—my co-brethren of the quill,—that I had
- 25 left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk,
- 30 the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it

kindly. D——I take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six-and-thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had 5 it been so rugged then, after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at 10 least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, 15 slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do and to volunteer good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately house of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, 20 where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my “works!” There let them rest, as I do 25 from my labors, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to 30 tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a

calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had  
5 been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I  
10 please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing  
15 strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What has become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years,  
20 to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to  
25 a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from,  
30 or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations.

The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself,—that unfortunate failure of a holiday, as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and overcare to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it,—is melted down into a week-day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer ———, clerk to the Firm of, etc.

I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant stare and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I  
5 walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state  
10 of the opera. *Opus operatum est.* I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

## II.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

(1783-1859.)

LIFE.—Washington Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783. He was named in honor of the national hero who had just brought to its triumphal end the American Revolution. His father was a Scotch Presbyterian, by occupation a merchant. On coming of age Irving went abroad for two years on account of ill-health. On his return he was admitted to the bar, but soon abandoned it for literature. The years from 1815 to 1832 Irving spent abroad. The failure in 1818 of the Irving Brothers' mercantile house, in which Washington Irving was somewhat involved, drove him in earnest to literary work for his support. On his return to America in 1832 he was greeted with national honor. He built a house called "Sunnyside" on the Hudson, where he lived until his appointment as minister to Spain in 1842. In 1846 he returned to "Sunnyside," and there died of heart disease, Nov. 28, 1859.

Like Lamb, Irving is his own best historian. *Geoffrey Crayon* is to the *Sketch Book* what *Elia* is to the *Essays of Elia*. In *The Author's Account of Himself*, Irving reveals his own tastes: "I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners." To him "Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association." "The shifting scenes of life" he studied not "with the eye of a philosopher, but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another: caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape." Underneath the lines of *The Broken Heart* is the sad current of Irving's own disappointed love. In other sketches Irving wanders in revery in the "hallowed silence" of

Westminster Abbey, or threads with the antiquary's zest the lanes of Little Britain, or celebrates the joys of the English Yuletide.

Again, as with Lamb, these personal sketches where the author shows himself behind the thin mask of his hero, are best supplemented by his letters.

WRITINGS.—In 1802, when only nineteen, Irving printed in his brother's newspaper, the *Morning Chronicle*, some papers signed "Jonathan Oldstyle. The "oldstyle" was unmistakably that of the "Spectator." Five years later he joined his brother William, and James K. Paulding in the authorship of a series of local satires, the *Salmagundi* papers.

In 1809, the publication of *Knickerbocker's History of New York* laid the firm foundation of Irving's reputation. Begun merely as a burlesque of a consequential guide-book account of the city's history, the work grew into a full-length caricature of the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. In the field of light literature it was the first American book to win international fame.

The first number of the *Sketch Book*, appeared in May, 1819. Largely through the good offices of Walter Scott, the English publisher, Murray, after first declining, at length brought out a collected edition of the work. In 1822 came *Bracebridge Hall*, a sketch of English rural life, and in 1824 the *Tales of a Traveller*. The *Life of Columbus* (1828), the *Conquest of Granada* (1829), and the *Alhambra* (1832) show that in history Irving sought chiefly the picturesque and romantic. Three months before his death Irving completed his longest work, the *Life of Washington*.

LITERARY QUALITIES.—Irving's earliest literary master was Addison, and an Addisonian Irving remained always. His sympathetic *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* proves another of his literary devotions. In Irving, as in Lamb, humor blends with sentiment. Irving cares most for legend and romance and the picturesqueness of the past. In birth and patriotism an American, Irving was English in his literary tastes and inspiration. In him there is not the surging human passion of the Elizabethans, but the quiet of English refinement.

Scott was one of the first Europeans to recognize the genius of Irving. "I have never," he said, "read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. . . I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses power of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me of Sterne." Irving was distinctly a gentleman of letters. Scott, Moore, Dickens, and Thackeray were not merely literary, but personal friends. Thackeray's *Nil Nisi Bonum* in the *Roundabout Papers* is his tribute to Irving and Macaulay, who died but a month apart—"the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time." In this "first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old," Thackeray saw not only the author, but the "exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life."

Literary prophecy is dangerous, but Irving's fame seems secure. Some of his works, *Astoria* for example, are already neglected, others are steadily declining toward the same limbo of books forgotten; but the original comic genius of *Knickerbocker* and the blended sentiment and humor of the *Sketch Book* contain a promise of literary immortality. Good instances of Irving's influence upon later American writers are found in Donald G. Mitchell's *Dream Life* and *Reveries of a Bachelor* and George William Curtis's *Easy Chair* essays.

RIP VAN WINKLE.—The first number of *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, was published simultaneously in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore in May, 1819. It contained a *Prospectus*, *The Author's Account of Himself*, *The Voyage*, *Roscoe*, *The Wife*, and *Rip Van Winkle*—in all, ninety-three octavo pages. The detailed account of the publication of the later numbers and Murray's rejection and subsequent tardy publication of the collected *Sketch Book* is to be read in the first two volumes of *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving.

*Rip Van Winkle* is set down as *A Posthumous Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker*. The name *Knickerbocker* became connected with Irving by a novel method of advertising, before publication, his *History of New York*. Late in October, 1809, appeared in the *Evening Post* this paragraph:

## "DISTRESSING."

"Left his lodgings some time since, and has not since been heard of, a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of KNICKERBOCKER. As there are some reasons for believing that he is not entirely in his right mind, and as great anxiety is entertained about him, any information concerning him left either at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street, or at the office of this paper, will be *thankfully* received.

"P. S.—Printers of newspapers would be aiding the cause of humanity in giving an insertion to the above."

"October 25th."

A fortnight later a letter signed "A Traveller" informed the *Evening Post* that "a person answering the description was seen by the passengers of the Albany stage early in the morning, about four or five weeks since, resting himself by the side of the road, a little above Kingsbridge."

Ten days later the hoax was cleverly continued by a letter from the landlord of the "Independent Columbian Hotel" that paved the way for the publication of Irving's book. "Nothing satisfactory has been heard," it read, "of the old gentleman since; but a *very curious kind of a written Book* has been found in his room in his own handwriting. Now, I wish you to notice him, if he is still alive; that if he does not return and pay off his bill, for board and lodging, I shall have to dispose of his Book, to satisfy me for the same."

Though the hoax was soon recognized, this method of advertising proved effective. Both *Rip Van Winkle* and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* in the *Sketch Book* are supposedly discovered among the posthumous papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Notes and postscripts are supplied to each to give the impression of verisimilitude. This method of attempting to attach verisimilitude to the narrative, sometimes even by casting an air of discredit on part of the account, recalls Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* and the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*.

*Rip Van Winkle* contains both more plot and more character-analysis than the *Superannuated Man*. Lamb's sketch is of an individual; Irving's, though also primarily of an individual, pre-

sents other well-differentiated characters—notably Dame Van Winkle and Nicholas Vedder. In both sketches the opening pages are retrospective. In *Rip Van Winkle* the actual forward movement of the plot does not begin until the sentence, “In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains.” When once the action is under way the narrative element is far more marked than in Lamb’s sketch.

*Rip Van Winkle* is the first great creation of American fiction. Yet Rip is distinctively, in the ordinary sense of the word, un-American. He is the vagabond of the woods, not the toiler of the city. George William Curtis, indeed, calls Rip “the constant and unconscious satirist of American life.” Stevenson wrote *An Apology for Idlers*; Irving, too, sketched his Idler so sympathetically that Rip remains one of the most lovable figures in English fiction.

## Rip Van Winkle.\*

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

1819.

(From *The Sketch Book*.)

By Woden, God of Saxons,  
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,  
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep  
Unto thylke day in which I creep into  
My sepulchre.

CARTWRIGHT. 5

THE following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as 10 among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite

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topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse under a spreading  
5 sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the  
10 literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestion-  
15 able authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better  
20 employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow  
25 than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk, whose good opinion is worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year  
30 cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne's Farthing.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dis-  
membered branch of the great Appalachian family,  
35 and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surround-

ing country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory. 5 10

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks. 15 20 25

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who 30

figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed  
5 that he was a simple, good-natured man ; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity ; for those men are most apt to be  
10 obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation ; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the  
15 virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all  
20 the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles ; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too,  
25 would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was sur-  
30 rounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks

on him with impunity ; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance ; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging 10 through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone- 15 fences ; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own ; but as to doing family 20 duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm ; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country ; everything about it went wrong, 25 and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces ; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages ; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else ; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had 30 some out-door work to do ; so that though his patri-

monial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

5 His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's  
10 heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take  
15 the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually din-  
20 ning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way  
25 of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his  
30 forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in 5 all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail 10 drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation. 15

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from 20 home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in 25 the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance 30 an old newspaper fell into their hands from some pass-

ing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school-master, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the 5 dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took 10 his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. 15 His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent and 20 angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of per- 25 fect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that 30 august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who

charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair ; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. " Poor Wolf," he would say, " thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it ; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee ! " Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep moun-

tain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene ; evening was  
5 gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys ; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

10 As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, " Rip Van Winkle ! Rip Van Winkle ! " He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him,  
15 and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air : " Rip Van Winkle ! Rip Van Winkle ! "—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the  
20 glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him ; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any  
25 human being in this lonely and unfrequented place ; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was  
30 a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique

Dutch fashion : a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs 5 for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity ; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. 10 As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the mut- 15 tering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees 20 shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence ; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor 25 up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center 30 was a company of odd-looking personages playing at

ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion ; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. 5 Their visages, too, were peculiar ; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes ; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various 10 shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance ; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with 15 roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

20 What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing in- 25 terrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him 30 with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned

within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then re- 5 turned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a 10 thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep 15 sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the 20 bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine— 25 the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the 30 clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-

lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with  
5 liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain ; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

10 He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. " These mountain beds do not agree  
15 with me," thought Rip, " and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen ; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended  
20 the preceding evening ; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of  
25 birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had  
30 opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre ; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented

a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog ; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice ; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done ? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun ; he dreaded to meet his wife ; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long !

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs,

too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered ; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen  
5 before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him ; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were  
10 not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“ That  
15 flagon last night,” thought he, “ has addled my poor head sadly ! ”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of  
20 Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth,  
25 and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—“ My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “ has forgotten me ! ”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was  
30 empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called

loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, 5 rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet 10 little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recog- 15 nized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe ; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the 20 head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of 25 the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of 30 tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches ; or Van Bum-

mel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army  
10 of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he  
15 voted?" Rip started in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-im-  
20 portant old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat pene-  
25 trating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—  
"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed,  
30 "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern. 5 10

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Ved- 15 der! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?" 20

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again." 25

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself 30 thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him

too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “Does  
5 nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three.

“Oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of  
10 himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the  
15 cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

“God knows,” exclaimed he, at his wit’s end; “I’m not myself—I’m somebody else—that’s me yonder—no—that’s somebody else got into my shoes—I was  
20 myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I’m changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

The bystanders began now to look at each other,  
25 nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some  
30 precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the

gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself!"

Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years? ”

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it ; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks ; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and  
10 shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of  
15 that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the  
20 most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer  
25 of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon ; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father  
30 had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain ; and that he

himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her ; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm ; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time ; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician ; the changes of states and empires made

but little impression on him ; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end ; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaats-kill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins ; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

## NOTE.

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphaüser mountain : the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity :

“ The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson ; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very old venerable man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain ; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice’s own handwriting. The story therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

“ D. K.”

## POSTSCRIPT.

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker :

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the

air ; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web ; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys !

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forest and among ragged rocks ; and then spring off with a loud ho ! ho ! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter, who had lost his way, penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day ; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

### III.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(1804-1864.)

LIFE.—Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. His father, a ship-master, died at Surinam in 1808. Hawthorne's early years were spent at Salem and at Sebago Lake, Maine. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825 in the class with Longfellow. Then he returned to Salem, and lived with his sisters and widowed mother in great seclusion. On July 9, 1842, Hawthorne was married in Boston to Sophia Peabody whom he had long known at Salem. At one time before his marriage Hawthorne had held a position in the Boston Custom House. In 1846 after four years of married life at Concord, Mass., he returned to Salem as surveyor in the Salem Custom House. In 1850 he retired to Lenox, Mass., but two years later settled again at Concord. From 1853 to 1857 he was U. S. Consul at Liverpool, England. Then, for three years, he travelled with his family in England and the Continent, returning to Concord in 1860. On a trip to the White Mountains in vain quest of health, he died at Plymouth, N. H., during the night of May 18-19, 1864.

The study of Hawthorne's life from his own writings should begin with the autobiographical sketch written for his friend Stoddard. Here he talks delightfully of his "grievous disinclination to go to school"—of his boyhood in the Maine woods, "fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and '*The Pilgrim's Progress*,' and any poetry or light books within my reach"—of his years at Bowdoin as "an idle student, negligent of college rules"—of the solitary years that followed at Salem when "for months together, I scarcely held human intercourse outside of my own family."

Next, one should turn to Hawthorne's letters. One to his mother, written March 13, 1821, shows his distaste for the three professions, law, medicine, and theology, and adds, "What do you think of my becoming an author, and relying for support upon my pen? Indeed, I think the illegibility of my handwriting is very author-like . . . But authors are always poor devils and therefore Satan may take them." Best of all are the love-letters for the three or four years of his engagement while Sophia Peabody was an invalid. Tender, deep, playful, are these letters. He closes one from Boston, "God keep you from east-winds and every other evil."

In *The Blithedale Romance* are traces of Hawthorne's experience at Brook Farm, the famous socialistic community in West Roxbury, Mass. The introduction to *Mosses from an Old Manse* and passages from his *American Note Books* are full of the idyllic Concord home of his early married life. "The Custom House," the introductory chapter to *The Scarlet Letter*, is a good-humored account of Hawthorne's Salem, which aroused great local indignation on account of its very truthfulness. *Our Old Home*, a series of English sketches, and *English Note Books* give Hawthorne's own pictures of his years in England. The *French* and *Italian Note Books* tell of his continental travels, and *The Marble Faun* is full of his studies in Italian art. Viewed in this way, Hawthorne's writings, furnish a well-nigh complete autobiography.

WRITINGS.—In 1828, three years after graduating from Bowdoin, Hawthorne published anonymously a romance entitled *Fanshawe*. In 1836 he became editor and almost sole author of the *American Magazine of Useful Knowledge*. To the *Token*, the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and other publications Hawthorne contributed occasional sketches and stories. In 1837 he collected a number of these in the volume called *Twice Told Tales*, which was revised and much enlarged in 1842. In 1846 followed another similar collection, *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

Hawthorne's first great novel, *The Scarlet Letter*, a colonial romance, came out in 1850. *The House of Seven Gables* (1851) is reminiscent of Hawthorne's Salem, and *The Blithedale Romance* (1852) is an idyll based on the Brook Farm idea. In 1860 appeared *The Marble Faun*, an Italian romance, the longest

of Hawthorne's fictions, and in 1863 the series of English sketches called *Our Old Home*.

In addition to these works Hawthorne retold some of the classical myths in his *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, described his travels in his *American, English, French, and Italian Note-Books*, and left three unfinished studies for another romance.

LITERARY QUALITIES.—Hawthorne is generally regarded as the greatest American romancer. He studied the German romances of Tieck with whom Edgar Allan Poe compared him. Symbolism is conspicuous in his romance. The scarlet letter of Hester Prynne is the symbol of her moral guilt—the furry ears of Donatello are the symbol of his animal instinct. From early boyhood he studied two great masters of allegory, Bunyan and Spenser. Hawthorne's characters often run so dangerously close to allegory that the over-fanciful have a certain reason in explaining Donatello as the personification of the senses, Miriam of the imagination, Kenyon of the reason, and Hilda of the conscience. Conscience, indeed, was the theme that fascinated this Puritan romancer. On sin and its subtle but inevitable consequences Hawthorne brooded as on sombre mysteries. He saw not so much the stern piety of the Puritan as the under-current of human sin and struggle.

For the setting of his New England romances Hawthorne turned to the past, to the haunting curse of the Pyncheon family and to the scarlet blot on the scutcheon of Arthur Dimmesdale. While his own country was racked with the terrible human struggle over slavery, Hawthorne wrote calmly in the Preface to *The Marble Faun*, "No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor any thing but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land."

In each of Hawthorne's great romances the dramatis personae, are few—some four or five. In character-drawing Hawthorne in *The Scarlet Letter* grappled with the elemental human passions but in *The Marble Faun* Donatello belongs to the imaginative world of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. In literary style Hawthorne by practice outgrew early faults. To the facile style of Irving

Hawthorne added stronger imagination and higher literary art. He used to profess that he could not distinguish between *Hail Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle*, but the rhythm of literary prose he mastered almost perfectly.

THE GREAT STONE FACE.—The following sketch first appeared in a periodical, a four-page Washington weekly, *The National Era*. It occupied four and a half columns of small print in the issue for Jan. 24, 1850. It is now found in the volume *The Snow Image and other Twice-Told Tales*. According to Conway, it was probably sent to the editor of the *National Era* by Whittier.

*The Great Stone Face* has a very obvious moral—success is not to be measured by human standards. Not Mr. Gathergold—whose name is as obviously allegorical as any of Bunyan's characters—not "Old Blood-and-Thunder"—the genius of victory—not "Old Stony Phiz"—the statesman—fulfils the prophecy that a great man shall come who shall be known by his likeness to *The Great Stone Face*. It is the modest Ernest, who waits ever the coming of the hero, who one day is himself recognized as the fulfilment of the prophecy.

That Hawthorne himself saw the obviousness of his allegory we know from a letter written by his wife, Sept. 2, 1849. "I am glad you like *The Great Stone Face*. Mr. Hawthorne says he is rather ashamed of the mechanical structure of the story, the moral being so plain and manifest. He seemed dissatisfied with it as a work of art. But some persons would prefer it precisely on account of its evident design. And Ernest is a divine creation,—so grand, so comprehensive, and so simple."

The general setting of the scene is the White Mountains of New Hampshire. *The Great Stone Face* suggests the "Old Man of the Mountain," the Profile Mountain. After the manner of Spenser, Hawthorne has made his characters stand not merely for allegorical figures, but for real personages. "Old Blood-and-Thunder" is probably General Jackson, "Old Stony Phiz" Daniel Webster, and Ernest, some say, is Emerson.

In a later Preface to *The Twice Told Tales* dated from Lenox, Jan. 11, 1851, Hawthorne speaks thus of the general tone of his sketches: "They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed

in too retired a shade,—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. . . . The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written: if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages."

## The Great Stone Face.\*

(1850.)

(From *The Snow Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales.*)

ONE afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine bright- 5 ening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people 10 dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous 15

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villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. 5 The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more 10 perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of the mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a 15 position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in 20 height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic 25 visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with 30 all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and

glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of

what was yet to come ; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

“ O mother, dear mother ! ” cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, “ I do hope that I shall live to see him ? ”

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, “ Perhaps you may.”

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many

things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sunbrowned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world

calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for,

and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, 5 was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, 10 that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, 15 Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned 20 his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes 25 the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had 30 transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and

very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!" 5

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage 10 rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropt some copper coins upon the ground; so 15 that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed,— 20

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features 25 which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!" 30

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy.

He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley ; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved  
5 to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle  
10 habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would  
15 come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the  
20 fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still  
25 wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried ; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence,  
30 had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled,

yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it

being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the  
5 resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred  
10 to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it for the sake of knowing exactly how  
15 General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the  
20 Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees,  
25 except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his  
30 country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his

tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest ; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply ; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, 5 pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had 10 been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the 15 remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

" 'Tis the same face, to a hair ! " cried one man, cutting a caper for joy. 20

" Wonderfully like, that's a fact ! " responded another.

" Like ! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass ! " cried a third. " And why not ? He's the greatest man of this or any 25 other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, 30 until you might have supposed that the Great Stone

Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his  
10 simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

15 "The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and  
20 he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner droop-  
25 ing as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-  
30 worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom,

the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage ; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

5

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest, to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radi-  
ance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him,—“fear not, Ernest ; he will come.”

25

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he

had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed  
5 a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man,  
10 humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took  
15 shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend,  
20 was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to  
25 cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the news-  
30 papers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a cer-

tain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, 5 and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illumin- 10 ated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war,—the song of peace; and it seemed to 15 have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates,—after it had made 20 him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time,—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated,—his admirers had found out the resemblance between 25 him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, 30 as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever

becomes President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on  
5 a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations  
10 were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than  
15 once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should  
20 come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the  
25 mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback: militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had  
30 mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle,

especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains ; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music ; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man ! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz !" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now !" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There ! There ! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers !"

In the midst of all this gallant array, came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses ; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

“ Confess it,” said one of Ernest’s neighbors to him  
“ the Great Stone Face has met its match at last ! ”

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depths and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more  
10 than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been  
15 originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high  
20 performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest’s neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

“ Confess ! confess ! Is not he the very picture of  
25 your Old Man of the Mountain ? ”

“ No ! ” said Ernest, bluntly, “ I see little or no likeness.”

“ Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face ! ” answered his neighbor ; and again he set up  
30 a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost

despondent ; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, 5 leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

“Lo, here I am, Ernest !” the benign lips seemed to say. “I have waited longer than thou, and am not 10 yet weary. Fear not ; the man will come.”

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest ; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and 15 furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old ; more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind ; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of 20 wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. 25 College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest ; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone,—a tranquil and fa- 30 miliar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels

as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came  
5 uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, un-awares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way ; and passing up  
10 the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this  
15 earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his child-  
20 hood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had  
25 come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had  
30 now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep im-

mentality of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch 5 to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, 10 who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial 15 birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who un- 20 doubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth. 25

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas 30 that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his

eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

“O majestic friend,” he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, “is not this man worthy to resemble  
5 thee?”

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing  
10 so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from  
15 Ernest’s cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

20 Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

“Good evening,” said the poet. “Can you give a  
25 traveller a night’s lodging?”

“Willingly,” answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, “Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger.”

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he  
30 and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never

before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the 5 fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fire-side; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the 10 other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage-door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense 15 than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion 20 of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. 25 He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You 30 know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features ; then turned towards the Great Stone Face ; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell ; he shook his  
5 head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad ?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy ; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

10 "You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name  
15 to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the  
20 volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams,  
25 but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made  
30 more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and 5 the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the 10 naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest 15 thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and 20 mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemn- 25 nity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with 30 the life which he had always lived. It was not mere

breath that this preacher uttered ; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he  
5 listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage  
10 as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the  
15 brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence,  
20 that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,—

“Behold ! Behold ! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face !”

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the  
25 deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet’s arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to  
30 the GREAT STONE FACE.

## IV.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(1809-1849.)

**LIFE.**—Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809. His parents, both actors, died before he was three years old. Fortunately the orphan was adopted into the family of a Richmond merchant called Allan (after whom he received his middle name), who educated him both at home and in England. Feb. 14, 1826, he entered the University of Virginia, but was removed in December, after a year of gambling and dissipation. Five months later he ran away, and enlisted in the regular army, as Edgar A. Perry. The death of Mrs. Allan in 1829 effected a partial reconciliation between Mr. Allan and the runaway, who was thereupon enrolled at West Point, July 1, 1830. Within a few months, tired of military routine, he contrived to secure his own dismissal for neglect of duty. He went to Baltimore, and began literary hack-work. On Sept. 22, 1835, he married Virginia Clemm, the thirteen-year-old daughter of his father's widowed sister. He held various editorial positions, but was always discharged soon on account of uncontrollable temper and increasing dissipations. He died of delirium tremens in a Baltimore hospital, Oct. 7, 1849.

In his own writings Poe gives us few clear glimpses of his own short, ill-starred life. In *William Wilson* is an autobiographical sketch of his English schooldays. In the December issue, 1829, of the *Yankee*, Poe writes in a letter prefacing some quotations from his own poems, "I am young—not yet twenty—*am* a poet—if deep worship of all beauty can make me one—and wish to be more so in the common meaning of the word." His own statement of the quarrel with his adopted father that finally cut him off from hope of inheritance was that he "deliberately threw away a large fortune rather than endure a trivial wrong." A glimpse of the poverty in which Poe struggled in his early literary

work at Baltimore is given in a letter to John P. Kennedy, who had just become his friend and patron. In it Poe declines an invitation to dinner because he has no presentable clothes. A letter of Sept. 11, 1835, to Kennedy expresses gratitude that "through your influence Mr. White has been induced to employ me in assisting him with the editorial duties of his magazine (*The Southern Literary Messenger*) at a salary of five hundred and twenty dollars per annum." Eleven days later Poe was married, but the following week a letter from White remonstrates with Poe on his excesses in drinking.

Henceforth the record of Poe's private life is pitiful. As his literary fame rose, his moral strength sank. Those who would read further Poe's autobiography may see in his ever-recurring sketches of decay and death dark shadows cast by his own life. Not merely the hero of *Ligeia*, but Poe himself, says, "I had become a bounden slave in the trammels of opium." It is Poe again who writhes in the alcoholic horrors of *The Black Cat*. The great American writers—Irving, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and so many more—lived long, happy lives. In this honorable line the great exception is Poe. Genius he had, but not character.

WRITINGS.—In 1827 Poe published *Tamerlane and other Poems*. On leaving West Point he arranged with the cadets to subscribe for another volume that appeared in 1831. His most famous poem, *The Raven*, came out in 1845. He studied the technique of rhyme and rhythm, and wrote essays on *The Rationale of Verse* and *The Poetic Principle*.

Poe's first prose story of importance, the *MS. Found in a Bottle*, appeared in the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor*, Oct. 12, 1833, as the winner of a \$100 prize. In 1840 Poe published a collection of short stories, *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. In the following year came his first great detective story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. In 1843 he secured another \$100 prize with *The Gold Bug*.

In addition to poems and stories, Poe wrote constant criticisms of contemporary writers and discussions of literary matters. Sometimes his insight was keen, as when he praised Hawthorne's art, but advised him to beware of too much allegory; but again he

overrated Coleridge and Shelley, at the expense of Shakespeare and Milton, and with almost monomaniac persistence accused Longfellow, and even Hawthorne, of plagiarism.

LITERARY QUALITIES.—Poe's chief poetic master was Coleridge. Poe was essentially an artist in verse technique. He himself acknowledged that he subordinated passion and truth to beauty. His verse is full of the opium-charged mysteriousness and vagueness of *Kubla Khan*. Poe's chief prose master was the German romancer, Hoffmann. Not only in fondness for themes of insanity, terror, and doom did Poe resemble Hoffmann. Both owned the same allegiance to Art for Art's sake, and both saw in the short story the most fitting expression for that art. From Hoffmann, too, Poe seems to have adopted not merely general theory, but specific suggestions for certain of his tales.

Poe's tales are usually divided into classes. Of the *Tales of Death*, *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *Ligeia*, are, in unity of tone and intensifying force toward the climax, almost flawless. Poe strove not so much to tell a story as to produce an effect—in one, of utter desolation, in the other, of despair. Of the *Old-World Romances*, the most noteworthy are *The Masque of the Red Death*, *The Cask of Amontillado* and *The Assigination*. Terror is the note of the first, vengeance of the second, and of the third sensuousness. Of the *Tales of Conscience*, Poe preferred *William Wilson* and *The Black Cat*. While Hawthorne turned to the spiritual allegory of the conscience, Poe turned rather to physical horrors. In the *Tales of Pseudo-Science*, Poe sought the verisimilitude of Defoe and Swift. Perhaps his greatest successes are the *MS. Found in a Bottle* and *A Descent into the Maelstrom*. In these and many other similar tales Poe furnished the inspiration for Jules Verne's probable impossibilities.

In the *Tales of Ratiocination* Poe laid the foundation for the modern school of "detective stories." In *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, *The Gold Bug*, and *The Purloined Letter*, Poe solved mysteries by the detective's process of analysis. As a result of his success, he received many actual cryptographs to decipher, and still further revealed his powers by publishing in *Graham's Magazine* a careful solution of the intricate plot of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, when only the introductory

chapters had appeared. Monsieur Dupin, who appears in several of these stories, is the original of Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, while the detective stories of Anna Katherine Green and other moderns have Poe's method without his genius.

Poe believed that the term "long poem" was a misnomer, and preferred the short story to the novel. Only in the short story, he said, could the "effect" be "unblemished, because undisturbed, and this is an end unattainable by the novel." Poe's genius did not lie in character-drawing. His heroines, such as Madeline and Ligeia, are shadowy figures rather than creatures of flesh and blood; his heroes, such as Usher and Ligeia's husband, are visionaries, morbid with drink and opium, brooding on death. In these tales of terror, Poe sought "with deliberate care, a certain unique or *single effect*." In the tales of mystery, too, he subordinated character-drawing, this time to the ferreting out of the mystery. Humor Poe lacked almost wholly. Lighter touches there are in pieces such as *The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade*, but in Poe is no heart-laughter. The only passion he portrays is that of grief and despair. Not sunshine, but the gloom of death and the grave, fills his world. Artist that he was, he worshipped beauty, but it was not beauty of human life and character.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.—The following story first appeared in 1845, in an annual called *The Gift*. It is the last, and perhaps most flawless of *The Tales of Ratiocination*. Dupin and the Prefect G—— had already appeared in both *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Mystery of Marie Roget*. The story-teller himself serves as a rather colorless foil to the ingenious Dupin. In a similar way Conan Doyle has used Dr. Watson to offset Sherlock Holmes.

*The Purloined Letter* is conspicuous for unity of design and logic of execution. Though much space is devoted to proving that the mathematician may be a poet as well—and here Poe is defending his own blending of analytic and poetic powers—the unity of the story is absolutely preserved by making the discussion apply to the Minister D——, and making the correctness of the reasoning furnish the solution of the mystery. Unlike *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and with greater art, the story proper begins with the opening sentence. Poe said the development of

the "preconceived effect" of an author's story should begin at the outset—"If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step."

Poe's detective stories differ from modern imitations not in ingenuity of solution of complex plot, but in artistic selection and handling of material. *The Purloined Letter* is as far from the ordinary "detective story" as Stevenson's *Treasure Island* from the "blood-and-thunder pirate story."

## The Purloined Letter.\*

(1845.)

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.

SENECA.

AT Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain*. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I<sup>10</sup> was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as some-<sup>15</sup>

\* Used by arrangement with and kind permission of Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., publishers of the standard edition of Poe's works.

thing of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome ; for there was nearly  
5 half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G——'s  
10 saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall  
15 examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."  
20 "Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now ?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope ?"  
25 "Oh, no ; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves ; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

30 "Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes ; and not exactly that, either. The fact

is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, 5 laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?" 10

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I 15 asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an 20 affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin. 25

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is 30 known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable."

The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare——"

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal boudoir. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a

hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D——. His lynx eye 5 immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar 10 to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. 15 Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped; leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table.” 20

“Here, then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” replied the Prefect; “and the power thus 25 attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven 30 to despair, she has committed the matter to me.”

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the Minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's Hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking

the D—— Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the Minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere 10 than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the 15 document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin. 20

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then, upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously 25 searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course." 30

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——, "but then he's

a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been 5 guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in 10 these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a 15 thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. 20 The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

25 "Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and 30 the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

“ But could not the cavity be detected by sounding ? ” I asked.

“ By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed with- 5 out noise.”

“ But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed <sup>10</sup> into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs ? ”

“ Certainly not ; but we did better—we examined <sup>15</sup> the rungs of every chair in the Hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, <sup>20</sup> for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection.”

“ I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and <sup>25</sup> the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets.”

“ That, of course ; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its <sup>30</sup> entire surface into compartments, which we numbered,

so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

5 "The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave  
10 us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel;  
15 we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasure-  
20 ment, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the  
25 binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

30 "And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

5

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the Hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes!" — And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,—

25

"Well, but, G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I — yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested — but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

30

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal — a *very* liberal reward — I don't like to say how much, precisely ; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day ; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really — think, G——, you have not exerted yourself — to the utmost in this matter. You might — do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? — in what way?"

"Why — puff, puff — you might — puff, puff — employ counsel in the matter, eh? — puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No ; hang Abernethy !"

"To be sure ! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such ; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

"'Take !' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "*I*

am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me 5 up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunder-stricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at 10 my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and 15 handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling 20 hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check. 25

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge 30 which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus,

when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended.”

5 “So far as his labors extended?” said I.

“Yes,” said Dupin. “The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond  
10 a question, have found it.”

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

“The measures, then,” he continued, “were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their  
15 being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow, for the matter in hand; and  
20 many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of ‘even and odd’ attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of  
25 these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in  
30 mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton

is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks 'are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' — he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even;' — he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' — what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the

spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bruyère, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's  
5 intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the Prefect and his cohort fail so  
10 frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, ad-  
15 vert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*: but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of  
20 course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their  
25 old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of  
30 the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of *the application* of the one

principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter,—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherché* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a

fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

5 "But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister I believe has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

10 "You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician, he would reason well; as mere mathematician, he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, 15 which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the reason par excellence*."

"*'Il-y-a à parier,'*" replied Dupin, quoting from 20 Chamfort, "*'que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.'*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its pro- 25 mulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from 30 applicability—then 'analysis' conveys 'algebra' about as much as, in Latin, '*ambitus*' implies 'ambition,'

'*religio*' 'religion,' or '*homines honesti*' a set of honorable men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of 5  
that reason which is cultivated in any special form  
other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular,  
the reason educed by mathematical study. The mathematics  
are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning  
is merely logic applied 10  
to observation upon form and quantity. The great error  
lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called  
*pure* algebra are abstract or general truths. And this error  
is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality  
with which it has been received. 15  
Mathematical axioms are *not* axioms of general truth.  
What is true of *relation*—of form and quantity—is  
often grossly false in regard to morals, for example.  
In this latter science it is very usually *untrue* that the  
aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemis- 20  
try also the axiom fails. In the consideration of  
motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value,  
have not, necessarily, a value when united, equal  
to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous  
other mathematical truths which are only truths within 25  
the limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues,  
from his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of  
an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed  
imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned  
'*Mythology*,' mentions an analogous source of error, 30  
when he says that 'although the Pagan fables are not

believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.' With the algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' *are* believed, and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that  $x^2 + px$  was absolutely and unconditionally equal to  $q$ . Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment, if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where  $x^2 + px$  is *not* altogether equal to  $q$ , and, having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that, if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at

night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction 5 that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of 10 thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his Hotel would be as 15 open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, 20 perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. 25 I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to 30 strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a des-

cription. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a  
5 smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the  
10 less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed which of the street signs, over the shop-doors, are the most attractive of attention?"

15 "I have never given the matter a thought," I said.  
"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley  
20 and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These,  
25 like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations  
30 which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above

or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it. 5

“But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was 10 not hidden within the limits of that dignitary’s ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all. 15

“Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial Hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui. 20 He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly sur- 25 veyed the apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

“I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two 30 musical instruments and a few books. Here, however,

after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

“At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of paste-board, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantel-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled.

10 It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive

15 female hand, to D——, the Minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the upper divisions of the rack.

“No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be

20 sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address, to

25 the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled

30 and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive

of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document ; these things, together with the hyperobtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived ; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect. 5

“ I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, on a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack ; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. 25 I bade the Minister good-morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

“ The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath 30

the windows of the Hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took  
5 the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a fac-simile (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

10 “The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a  
15 drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.”

20 “But what purpose had you,” I asked, “in replacing the letter by a fac-simile? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?”

“D——,” replied Dupin, “is a desperate man, and  
25 a man of nerve. His Hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an ob-  
30 ject apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a

partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers — since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit 5 himself, at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to 10 come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, 15 when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms ‘a certain personage’ he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.”

“How? did you put anything particular in it?”

“Why — it did not seem altogether right to leave 20 the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D —, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted 25 him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words —

‘ — Un dessein si funeste,

S’il n’est digne d’Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.’

30

They are to be found in Crébillon’s *Atrée*.”

## V.—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(1811-1863.)

LIFE.—William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811. His father, who had been in the service of the East India Company, died five years later. Thackeray was sent to England for his schooling, and attended Charterhouse from 1822 to 1828. In February, 1829, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, but left in the following year. Then he travelled on the Continent, studied a little law in the Middle Temple, and edited an unsuccessful paper. Losses at cards and poor investments impaired the generous property left him by his father to such an extent that he needed to earn his own living. Accordingly he settled in Paris to study art, and at times acted as Paris correspondent for London papers. On August 20, 1836, he married Isabella Shawe, and in 1837 returned with her to London. Within a few years occurred the tragedy in Thackeray's life. His wife lost her mind, and though her death did not occur until 1892, Thackeray was left worse than a widower. His London life was devoted to literary work, commencing with contributions to *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch*, for which he also drew almost four hundred sketches. In January, 1860, he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He died on the night of December 23-24, 1863, and was buried at Kensal Green.

Thackeray's reticence and dislike of publicity are so well known that no one can expect to trace his autobiography as that of Lamb or Irving. In the opening chapter of *Lovel the Widower*, to be sure, there is a page that recalls his first literary venture and failure as editor. It seems to be Thackeray himself who was tricked into purchasing the "eligible literary property,"—who wrote "satirical articles in which I piqued myself on the fineness of my wit and criticisms, got up for the nonce out of encyclopæ-

dias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astounded at my own knowledge.' In the ballad *The Pen and the Album*, too, Thackeray seems to refer quite clearly to his own early verse-makings. Again, the background of *Pendennis* is Thackeray's own college life and journalistic struggles, but even the *Paris* and *Irish Sketch Books* are often markedly impersonal, turning from the author himself to the scenes around.

Yet one may find the record, if not of facts, of character. In the delightful moralizing digressions in the novels, and, best of all, in the *Roundabout Papers*, we find Thackeray himself. Here are proofs of his appreciation of Fielding, Dumas, Scott, Montaigne, Howell, Irving, Macaulay, Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, and so many others whom he delighted to honor. Here, too, is the best answer to the old charge of cynicism. Snobbery, self-seeking, flunkeyism, hypocrisy—Thackeray fought his life long, but the spirit in which he fought was this—"Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honor be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him." Thackeray's warm heart, tender beyond measure to his own two daughters, found room to add to his family the daughter of an old friend. The same sympathy with distress is touchingly shown in the *Thorns in the Cushion*, in the editor's heart-ache in rejecting the contributions of needy authors. In the ballad, *The End of the Play*, he set forth a high motto:

"Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

WRITINGS.—Thackeray's earliest published work was in *The Snob*, an undergraduate paper at Cambridge. He wrote a burlesque on "Timbuctoo," the subject assigned for a prize which Tennyson's poem won. His early literary work was varied—news-paper correspondence, book and art reviews, and comic sketches for *Punch*—most important of these in securing public attention, the *Snob Papers*. Thackeray's literary prestige, was established by the publication of *Vanity Fair*. Following the lead of Dickens, this appeared in installments from January, 1847, to July, 1848.

His other chief novels followed in this order : *Pendennis* (1848-50), *Henry Esmond* (1852), *The Newcomes* (1853-1855), and *The Virginians* (1857-1859). Two series of lectures, *The English Humorists* and *The Four Georges*, were delivered both in England and America. The *Roundabout Papers* appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* (1860-1863).

LITERARY QUALITIES.—Thackeray's burlesques show but a relatively unimportant side of his genius. Burlesque is at best negative, destructive. For the positive, constructive genius of Thackeray, one must turn to his essays and novels. Thackeray was pre-eminently a realist. His perfect sanity led him first to burlesque the unreal and unnatural in the writings of his contemporaries, and then to expose the artificial in character and life. In *Vanity Fair* he turned away from the heroics of Scott, the moralities of Maria Edgeworth, and the sentimentalities of Bulwer, and wrote *A Novel without a Hero*. In real life he saw that good people have faults and villains some virtues. Amelia's "nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for a heroine"—she clung to the memory of a husband whom only a bullet at Waterloo had prevented from deserting her for an adventuress, and refused the devotion of Major Dobbin until almost the end of the chapter. Becky Sharp betrayed Rawdon Crawley's honor, but when he flung the miserable Marquis of Steyne to the ground bleeding "she admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious." In the preface to *Pendennis* Thackeray wrote, "If truth is not always pleasant, at any rate truth is best," and he gives us Arthur Pendennis "with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother." In *The Newcomes*, side by side with the immortal Colonel Newcome are Barnes Newcome, "as scrupulously whited as any sepulchre in the whole bills of mortality," and Charles Honeyman, the clergyman who hides hypocrisy behind his white cambric pocket-handkerchief. In his later novels Thackeray still attacked the "Ogre Humbug," but never with Swift's cynicism. In *Esmond* he wrote, "We get to understand truth better and grow simpler as we grow older." If the keenness of the attack abated in his later work, he still sought truth to life. "He would speak"—the passage is

in *Esmond*—"without anger, but with truth, as far as he knows it, neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice."

Thackeray gave to *Vanity Fair* the historical setting of Waterloo. In *Esmond* and *The Virginians* he wrote historical novels, but with history always subordinate to the story. In *Vanity Fair* the climax of Waterloo lies not in the defeat of Napoleon nor the triumph of Wellington, but in that "Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." In *Esmond* Marlborough wins the battle of Blenheim, but "of this famous victory, Mr. Esmond knows nothing, for a shot brought down his horse" and left him senseless on the field. In open revolt against the heroes of romantic fiction and their impossible achievements in love and war, Thackeray's Esmond in the Vigo Bay expedition draws his sword only to knock down a sentinel who is insulting "a poor trembling nun. Is she going to turn out a beauty? or a princess? or perhaps Esmond's mother that he had lost and never seen? Alas no, it was but a poor old dropsical woman, with a wart upon her nose."

Character-drawing, mastery of style, humor, pathos, passion—all these Thackeray had. One thing he lacked—high poetic imagination. "I have no brains above my eyes," Prof. Beers has quoted him as saying: "I describe what I see." None knew more fully the world in which men love and fear and flatter and hate and sorrow, but beyond his horizon lay the forest of Arden and the seacoast of Bohemia.

PHIL FOGARTY.—The series of burlesques entitled *Punch's Prize Novelists* or *Novels by Eminent Hands* appeared first in the London *Punch*, during 1847. The authors burlesqued are Bulwer, Disraeli, Lever, G. P. R. James, Mrs. Gore, and Cooper.

*Phil Fogarty* is a burlesque of Charles Lever, the Irish novelist (1806-1872). Lever first came into general favor in 1837, on the appearance of the first installments of *Harry Lorrequer*. Here and in *Charles O'Malley* and in *Tom Burke of Ours* and in many now forgotten stories, Lever sketched with rollicking vigor the Irish dragon, of equal prowess at Waterloo and at the punch-bowl. Lever's characters though lively are never subtle—the constant anecdotes interspersed in his stories were often second-hand—but

he had a zest and spirit withal that carried him into popular favor.

Thackeray met Lever in Ireland in 1842-3, liked him, and, understanding that he was in some trouble with his publishers, advised him warmly to leave Dublin for London, urging the fickleness of the Irish favor which Lever then enjoyed. Though Lever disregarded the advice, Thackeray's interest in him continued, and to him he dedicated the *Irish Sketch Book* (1843). The extravagances of Lever's works gave a fair field for burlesque. Though Lever's military stories all conform to nearly the same plan, Thackeray's burlesque seems devoted chiefly to *Harry Lorrequer*. This is shown, perhaps, in the name given to the supposed author—"Harry Rollicker"—a title that admirably characterizes Lever himself. It is the spirit of Lever's whole work, rather than individual passages, that Thackeray has parodied. Yet there are not wanting specific instances of special burlesque. Thackeray's duel between Phil Fogarty and Cambacères may have in mind the duel in chapter six of *Lorrequer*, while Fogarty's flying leap on horseback over the Emperor's head is a palpable hit at the incredible horsemanship and fence-jumping in chapter two, and in parts of *Charles O'Malley*. The whistling of "Garryowen", the drinking songs, the familiarity of Fogarty with the crowned heads of the continent, the Irish jokes and anecdotes, all find ready counterparts in the early chapters of *Lorrequer*.

## Phil Fogarty.

A TALE OF THE FIGHTING ONETY-ONETH.

BY HARRY ROLICKER.

(1847.)

I.

THE gabion was ours. After two hours' fighting we were in possession of the first embrasure and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Jack Delamere, Tom Delancy, Jerry Blake, the

Doctor, and myself, sat down under a pontoon, and our servants laid out a hasty supper on a tumbrel. Though Cambacères had escaped me so provokingly after I cut him down, his spoils were mine; a cold fowl and a Bologna sausage were found in the Marshal's holsters; and in the haversack of a French private who lay a corpse on the glacis, we found a loaf of bread, his three days' ration. Instead of salt, we had gunpowder; and you may be sure, wherever the Doctor was, a flask of good brandy was behind him in his instrument-case. We sat down and made a soldier's supper. The Doctor pulled a few of the delicious fruit from the lemon-trees growing near (and round which the Carabiniers and the 24th Leger had made a desperate rally), and punch was brewed in Jack Dela-  
mere's helmet. 5

"'Faith, it never had so much wit in it before," said the Doctor, as he ladled out the drink. We all roared with laughing, except the guardsman, who was as savage as a Turk at a christening. 20

"Buvez-en," said old Sawbones to our French prisoner; "*ça vous fera du bien, mon vieux coq!*" and the Colonel, whose wound had been just dressed, eagerly grasped at the proffered cup, and drained it with a health to the donors. 25

How strange are the chances of war! But half an hour before he and I were engaged in mortal combat, and our prisoner was all but my conqueror. Grappling with Cambacères, whom I knocked from his horse, and was about to despatch, I felt a lunge behind, which luckily was parried by my sabretache; a herculean

grasp was at the next instant at my throat—I was on the ground—my prisoner had escaped, and a gigantic warrior in the uniform of a colonel of the regiment of Artois glaring over me with pointed sword.

5 “Rends-toi, coquin!” said he.

“Allez au Diable!” said I: “a Fogarty never surrenders.”

I thought of my poor mother and my sisters, at the old house in Killaloo—I felt the tip of his blade between my teeth—I breathed a prayer, and shut my  
10 eyes—when the tables were turned—the butt-end of Lanty Clancy’s musket knocked the sword up and broke the arm that held it.

“Thonamoundiaoul nabochlish,” said the French  
15 officer, with a curse in the purest Irish. It was lucky I stopped laughing time enough to bid Lanty hold his hand, for the honest fellow would else have brained my gallant adversary. We were the better friends for our combat, as what gallant hearts are not?

20 The breach was to be stormed at sunset, and like true soldiers we sat down to make the most of our time. The rogue of a Doctor took the liver-wing for his share—we gave the other to our guest, a prisoner; those scoundrels Jack Delamere and Tom Delancy  
25 took the legs—and, ’faith, poor I was put off with the Pope’s nose and a bit of the back.

“How d’ye like his Holiness’s *fayture*?” said Jerry Blake.

“Anyhow you’ll have a *merry thought*,” cried the  
30 incorrigible Doctor, and all the party shrieked at the witticism.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," said Jack, holding up the drumstick clean.

"'Faith, there's not enough of it to make us *chicken-hearted*, anyhow," said I; "come, boys, let's have a song." 5

"Here goes," said Tom Delancy, and sung the following lyric, of his own composition :—

"Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,  
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,  
Was once Tommy Tossopot's, as jovial a sot 10  
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot—  
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass,  
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd off his glass.

"One morning in summer, while seated so snug,  
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug, 15  
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,  
And said, 'Honest Thomas, come take your last bier;'  
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,  
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan."

"Psha!" said the Doctor, "I've heard that song 20  
before; here's a new one for you, boys!" and Sawbones began, in a rich Corkagian voice—

"You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,  
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;  
He had but one eye, 25  
To ogle ye by—  
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'll  
A fool  
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

"'Twas he was the boy didn't fail, 30  
That tuck down pataties and mail;  
He never would shrink  
From any sthrong dthrink,

Was it whiskey or Drogheda ale !  
 I'm bail  
 This Larry would swallow a pail.

" Oh, many a night at the bowl,  
 With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl ;  
 He's gone to his rest,  
 Where there's dthrink of the best,  
 And so let us give his old sowl  
 A howl,  
 For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl."

10

I observed the French Colonel's eye glistened as he heard these well-known accents of his country ; but we were too well-bred to pretend to remark his emotion.

15 The sun was setting behind the mountains as our songs were finished, and each began to look out with some anxiety for the preconcerted signal, the rocket from Sir Hussey Vivian's quarters, which was to announce the recommencement of hostilities. It came  
 20 just as the moon rose in her silver splendor, and ere the rocket-stick fell quivering to the earth at the feet of General Picton and Sir Lowry Cole, who were at their posts at the head of the storming-parties, nine hundred and ninety-nine guns in position opened their  
 25 fire from our batteries, which were answered by a tremendous cannonade from the fort.

" Who's going to dance ? " said the Doctor : " the ball's begun. Ha ! there goes poor Jack Delamere's head off ! The ball chose a soft one, anyhow. Come  
 30 here, Tim, till I mend your leg. Your wife has need only knit half as many stockings next year, Doolan

my boy. Faix ! there goes a big one had well-nigh stopped my talking : bedad ! it has snuffed the feather off my cocked hat ! ”

In this way, with eighty-four pounders roaring over us like hail, the undaunted little Doctor pursued his jokes and his duty. That he had a feeling heart, all who served with him knew, and none more so than Philip Fogarty, the humble writer of this tale of war.

Our embrasure was luckily bomb-proof, and the detachment of the Onety-oneth under my orders suffered comparatively little. “ Be cool, boys,” I said ; “ it will be hot enough work for you ere long.” The honest fellows answered with an Irish cheer. I saw that it affected our prisoner.

“ Countryman,” said I, “ I know you ; but an Irish-man was never a traitor.”

“ Taisez-vous ! ” said he, putting his finger to his lip. “ C’est la fortune de la guerre : if ever you come to Paris, ask for the Marquis d’ O’Mahony, and I may render you the hospitality which your tyrannous laws prevent me from exercising in the ancestral halls of my own race.”

I shook him warmly by the hand as a tear bedimmed his eye. It was, then, the celebrated Colonel of the Irish Brigade, created a Marquis by Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz !

“ Marquis,” said I, “ the country which disowns you is proud of you ; but—ha ! here, if I mistake not, comes our signal to advance.” And in fact Captain Vandeleur, riding up through the shower of shot, asked for the commander of the detachment, and bade me

hold myself in readiness to move as soon as the flank companies of the Ninety-ninth, and Sixty-sixth and the Grenadier Brigade of the German Legion began to advance up the échelon. The devoted band soon arrived: Jack Bowser heading the Ninety-ninth (when was he away and a storming-party to the fore?), and the gallant Potztausend, with his Hanoverian veterans.

The second rocket flew up.

"Forward, Onety-oneth!" cried I, in a voice of  
 10 thunder. "Killaloo boys, follow your captain!" and with a shrill hurray, that sounded above the tremendous fire from the fort, we sprung up the steep; Bowser with the brave Ninety-ninth, and the bold Potztausend, keeping well up with us. We passed the demi-lune,  
 15 we passed the culverin, bayoneting the artillerymen at their guns; we advanced across the two tremendous demi-lunes which flank the counterscarp, and prepared for the final spring upon the citadel. Soult I could see quite pale on the wall; and the scoundrel Cam-  
 20 bacères, who had been so nearly my prisoner that day, trembled as he cheered his men. "On boys, on!" I hoarsely exclaimed. "Hurroo!" said the fighting Onety-oneth.

But there was a movement among the enemy. An  
 25 officer, glittering with orders, and another in a gray coat and a cocked hat, came to the wall, and I recognized the Emperor Napoleon and the famous Joachim Murat.

"We are hardly pressed, methinks," Napoleon said  
 30 sternly. "I must exercise my old trade as an artilleryman;" and Murat loaded, and the Emperor

pointed the only hundred-and-twenty-four-pounder that had not been silenced by our fire.

"Hurray, Killaloo boys!" shouted I. The next moment a sensation of numbness and death seized me, and I lay like a corpse upon the rampart.

5

## II.

"HUSH!" said a voice, which I recognized to be that of the Marquis d' O'Mahony. "Heaven be praised, reason has returned to you. For six weeks those are the only sane words I have heard from you." 10

"Faix, and 'tis thrue for you, Colonel dear," cried another voice, with which I was even more familiar; 'twas that of my honest and gallant Lanty Clancy, who was blubbering at my bedside overjoyed at his master's recovery.

15

"O musha, Masther Phil agraph! but this will be the great day intirely, when I send off the news, which I would, barrin' I can't write, to the lady your mother and your sisters at Castle Fogarty; and 'tis his Riv'rance Father Luke will jump for joy thin, when he 20 reads the letther! Six weeks ravin' and roarin' as bould as a lion, and as mad as Mick Malony's pig, that mistuck Mick's wig for a cabbage, and died of atin' it!"

"And have I then lost my senses?" I exclaimed 25 feebly.

"Sure, didn't ye call me your beautiful Donna Anna only yesterday, and catch hould of me whiskers as if they were the Signora's jet black ringlets?" Lanty cried.

30

At this moment, and blushing deeply, the most beautiful young creature I ever set my eyes upon, rose from a chair at the foot of the bed, and sailed out of the room.

5 "Confusion, you blundering rogue," I cried; "who is that lovely lady whom you frightened away by your impertinence? Donna Anna? Where am I?"

"You are in good hands, Philip," said the Colonel; "you are at my house in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, 10 of which I am the military Governor. You and Lanty were knocked down by the wind of the cannon-ball at Burgos. Do not be ashamed: 'twas the Emperor pointed the gun;" and the Colonel took off his hat as he mentioned the name darling to France. "When 15 our troops returned from the sally in which your gallant storming-party was driven back, you were found on the glacis, and I had you brought into the City. Your reason had left you, however, when you returned to life; but, unwilling to desert the son of my old 20 friend, Philip Fogarty, who saved my life in '98, I brought you in my carriage to Paris."

"And many's the time you tried to jump out of the windy, Masther Phil," said Clancy.

"Brought you to Paris," resumed the Colonel, smiling; "where, by the *soins* of my friends Broussais, Esquirol, and Baron Larrey, you have been restored to health, thank heaven!"

"And that lovely angel who quitted the apartment?" I cried.

30 "That lovely angel is the Lady Blanche Sarsfield, my ward, a descendant of the gallant Lucan, and who

may be, when she chooses, Madame la Maréchale de Cambacères, Duchess of Illyria."

"Why did you deliver the ruffian when he was in my grasp?" I cried.

"Why did Lanty deliver you when in mine?" the Colonel replied. "C'est la fortune de la guerre, mon garçon; but calm yourself, and take this potion which Blanche has prepared for you."

I drank the *tisane* eagerly when I heard whose fair hands had compounded it, and its effects were speedily 10 beneficial to me, for I sank into a cool and refreshing slumber.

From that day I began to mend rapidly, with all the elasticity of youth's happy time. Blanche—the enchanting Blanche—ministered henceforth to me, for I 15 would take no medicine but from her lily hand. And what were the effects? 'Faith, ere a month was past, the patient was over head and ears in love with the doctor; and as for Baron Larrey, and Broussais, and Esquirol, they were sent to the right-about. In a short 20 time I was in a situation to do justice to the *gigot aux navets*, the *bœuf aux cornichons*, and other delicious *entremets* of the Marquis's board, with an appetite that astonished some of the Frenchmen who frequented it.

"Wait till he's quite well, Miss," said Lanty, who 25 waited always behind me. "'Faith! when he's in health, I'd back him to ate a cow, barrin' the horns and teel." I sent a decanter at the rogue's head, by way of answer to his impertinence.

Although the disgusting Cambacères did his best to 30 have my parole withdrawn from me, and to cause me

to be sent to the English dépôt of prisoners at Verdun, the Marquis's interest with the Emperor prevailed, and I was allowed to remain at Paris, the happiest of prisoners, at the Colonel's hotel at the Place Vendôme.

5 I here had the opportunity (an opportunity not lost, I flatter myself, on a young fellow with the accomplishments of Philip Fogarty, Esq.) of mixing with the *élite* of French society, and meeting with many of the great, the beautiful, and the brave. Talleyrand was a

10 frequent guest of the Marquis's. His *bon-mots* used to keep the table in a roar. Ney frequently took his chop with us; Murat, when in town, constantly dropt in for a cup of tea and friendly round game. Alas! who would have thought those two gallant heads would

15 be so soon laid low? My wife has a pair of earrings which the latter, who always wore them, presented to her—but we are advancing matters. Anybody could see, "*avec un demi-œil*," as the Prince of Benevento remarked, how affairs went between me and Blanche;

20 but though she loathed him for his cruelties and the odiousness of his person, the brutal Cambacères still pursued his designs upon her.

I recollect it was on St. Patrick's Day. My lovely friend had procured, from the gardens of the Empress

25 Josephine, at Malmaison (whom we loved a thousand times more than her Austrian successor, a sandy-haired woman, between ourselves, with an odious squint), a quantity of shamrock wherewith to garnish the hotel, and all the Irish in Paris were invited to the national festival.

I and Prince Talleyrand danced a double hornpipe

with Pauline Bonaparte and Madame de Staël ; Marshal Soult went down a couple of sets with Madame Récamier ; and Robespierre's widow—an excellent, gentle creature, quite unlike her husband—stood up with the Austrian ambassador. Besides, the famous 5 artists Baron Gros, David and Nicholas Poussin, and Canova, who was in town making a statue of the Emperor for Leo X., and, in a word, all the celebrities of Paris—as my gifted countrywoman, the wild Irish girl, calls them—were assembled in the Marquis's elegant 10 receiving-rooms.

At last a great outcry was raised for *La Gigue Irlandaise ! La Gigue Irlandaise !* a dance which had made a *fureur* amongst the Parisians ever since the lovely Blanche Sarsfield had danced it. She stepped 15 forward and took me for a partner, and amidst the bravos of the crowd, in which stood Ney, Murat, Lannes, the Prince of Wagram, and the Austrian ambassador, we showed to the *beau monde* of the French capital, I flatter myself, a not unfavorable specimen of 20 the dance of our country.

As I was cutting the double-shuffle, and toe-and-heeling it in the "rail" style, Blanche danced up to me, smiling, and said, "Be on your guard ; I see Cambacères talking to Fouché, the Duke of Otranto, about 25 us ; and when Otranto turns his eyes upon a man, they bode him no good."

"Cambacères is jealous," said I. "I have it," says she ; "I'll make him dance a turn with me." So, presently, as the music was going like mad all this 30 time, I pretended fatigue from my late wounds, and sat

down. The lovely Blanche went up smiling, and brought out Cambacères as a second partner.

The Marshal is a lusty man, who makes desperate efforts to give himself a waist, and the effect of the  
5 exercise upon him was speedily visible. He puffed and snorted like a walrus, drops trickled down his purple face, while my lovely mischief of a Blanche went on dancing at treble quick, till she fairly danced him down.

“Who’ll take the flure with me?” said the charming  
10 girl, animated by the sport.

“Faix, den, ’tis I, Lanty Clancy!” cried my rascal, who had been mad with excitement at the scene; and, stepping in with a whoop and hurroo, he began to dance with such rapidity as made all present stare.

15 As the couple were footing it, there was a noise as of a rapid cavalcade traversing the Place Vendôme, and stopping at the Marquis’s door. A crowd appeared to mount the stair; the great doors of the reception-room were flung open, and two pages announced their  
20 Majesties the Emperor and the Empress. So engaged were Lanty and Blanche, that they never heard the tumult occasioned by the august approach.

It was indeed the Emperor, who, returning from the Théâtre Français, and seeing the Marquis’s windows  
25 lighted up, proposed to the Empress to drop in on the party. He made signs to the musicians to continue: and the conqueror of Marengo and Friedland watched with interest the simple evolutions of two happy Irish people. Even the Empress smiled; and, seeing this,  
30 all the courtiers, including Naples and Talleyrand, were delighted.

"Is not this a great day for Ireland?" said the Marquis, with a tear trickling down his noble face. "O Ireland! O my country! But no more of that. Go up, Phil, you divvle, and offer her Majesty the choice of punch or negus."

5

Among the young fellows with whom I was most intimate in Paris was Eugène Beauharnais, the son of the ill-used and unhappy Josephine by her former marriage with a French gentleman of good family. Having a smack of the old blood in him, Eugène's 10 manners were much more refined than those of the new-fangled dignitaries of the Emperor's Court, where (for my knife and fork were regularly laid at the Tuileries) I have seen my poor friend Murat repeatedly mistake a fork for a tooth-pick, and the gallant Mas- 15 sena devour pease by means of his knife, in a way more innocent than graceful. Talleyrand, Eugène, and I used often to laugh at these eccentricities of our brave friends; who certainly did not shine in the drawing-room, however brilliant they were in the field of 20 battle. The Emperor always asked me to take wine with him, and was full of kindness and attention.

"I like Eugène," he would say, pinching my ear confidentially, as his way was — "I like Eugène to keep company with such young fellows as you; you have 25 manners; you have principles; my rogues from the camp have none. And I like you, Philip my boy," he added, for being so attentive to my poor wife—the Empress Josephine, I mean." All these honors made my friends at the Marquis's very proud, and my enemies 30 at Court *crever* with envy. Among these, the atro-

cious Cambacères was not the least active and envenomed.

The cause of the many attentions which were paid to me, and which, like a vain coxcomb, I had chosen to attribute to my own personal amiability, soon was apparent. Having formed a good opinion of my gallantry from my conduct in various actions and forlorn hopes during the war, the Emperor was most anxious to attach me to his service. The Grand Cross of St. Louis, the title of Count, the command of a crack cavalry regiment, the 14me Chevaux Marins, were the bribes that were actually offered to me; and must I say it? Blanche, the lovely, the perfidious Blanche, was one of the agents employed to tempt me to commit this act of treason.

"Object to enter a foreign service!" she said, in reply to my refusal. "It is you, Philip, who are in a foreign service. The Irish nation is in exile and in the territories of its French allies. Irish traitors are not here; they march alone under the accursed flag of the Saxon, whom the great Napoleon would have swept from the face of the earth, but for the fatal valor of Irish mercenaries! Accept this offer, and my heart, my hand, my all are yours. Refuse it, Philip, and we part."

"To wed the abominable Cambacères!" I cried, stung with rage. "To wear a duchess's coronet, Blanche! Ha, ha! Mushrooms, instead of strawberry-leaves, should decorate the brows of the upstart French nobility. I shall withdraw my parole. I demand to be sent to prison—to be exchanged—to die

—anything rather than be a traitor, and the tool of a traitress!" Taking up my hat, I left the room in a fury; and flinging open the door tumbled over Cambacères who was listening at the keyhole, and must have overheard every word of our conversation. J

We tumbled over each other, as Blanche was shrieking with laughter at our mutual discomfiture. Her scorn only made me more mad; and, having spurs on, I began digging them into Cambacères' fat sides as we rolled on the carpet, until the Marshal howled with rage and anger. 14

"This insult must be avenged with blood!" roared the Duke of Illyria. /

"I have already drawn it," says I, "with my spurs." 15

"Malheur et malédiction!" roared the Marshal.

"Hadn't you better settle your wig?" says I, offering it to him on the tip of my cane, "and we'll arrange time and place when you have put your jasey in order." I shall never forget the look of revenge which he cast at me, as I was thus turning him into ridicule before his mistress. 20

"Lady Blanche," I continued bitterly, "as you look to share the Duke's coronet, hadn't you better see to his wig?" and so saying, I cocked my hat, and walked out of the Marquis's place, whistling "Garryowen." 25

I knew my man would not be long in following me, and waited for him in the Place Vendôme, where I luckily met Eugène too, who was looking at the picture-shop in the corner. I explained to him my affair in a twinkling. He at once agreed to go with me to the 30

ground, and commended me, rather than otherwise, for refusing the offer which had been made to me. "I knew it would be so," he said, kindly; "I told my father you wouldn't. A man with the blood of the Fogarties, 5 Phil, my boy, doesn't wheel about like those fellows of yesterday." So, when Cambacères came out, which he did presently, with a more furious air than before, I handed him at once over to Eugène, who begged him to name a friend, and an early hour for the meeting to 10 take place.

"Can you make it before eleven, Phil?" said Beauharnais. "The Emperor reviews the troops in the Bois de Boulogne at that hour, and we might fight there handy before the review."

15 "Done!" said I. "I want of all things to see the newly-arrived Saxon cavalry manœuvre:" on which Cambacères giving me a look, as much as to say, "See sights! Watch cavalry manœuvres! Make your soul, and take measure for a coffin, my boy!" walked away, 20 naming our mutual acquaintance, Marshal Ney, to Eugène, as his second in the business.

I had purchased from Murat a very fine Irish horse, Bugaboo, out of Smithereens, by Fadladeen, which ran into the French ranks at Salamanca, with poor Jack 25 Clonakilty, of the 13th, dead, on the top of him. Bugaboo was too much and too ugly an animal for the King of Naples, who, though a showy horseman, was a bad rider across country; and I got the horse for a song. A wickeder and uglier brute never wore a pig- 30 skin; and I never put my leg over such a timber-jumper in my life. I rode the horse down to the Bois

de Boulogne on the morning that the affair with Cambacères was to come off, and Lanty held him as I went in, "sure to win," as they say in the ring.

Cambacères was known to be the best shot in the French army ; but I, who am a pretty good hand at a snipe, thought a man was bigger, and that I could wing him if I had a mind. As soon as Ney gave the word, we both fired ; I felt a whizz pass my left ear, and putting up my hand there, found a large piece of my whiskers gone ; whereas at the same moment, and shrieking a horrible malediction, my adversary reeled and fell. 5 10

" Mon Dieu, il est mort ! " cried Ney.

" Pas du tout," said Beauharnais. " Ecoute ; il jure toujours." 15

And such, indeed, was the fact : the supposed dead man lay on the ground cursing most frightfully. We went up to him ; he was blind with the loss of blood, and my ball had carried off the bridge of his nose. He recovered ; but he was always called the Prince of Ponterotto in the French army afterwards. The surgeon in attendance having taken charge of this unfortunate warrior, we rode off to the review, where Ney and Eugène were on duty at the head of their respective divisions ; and where, by the way, Cambacères, as the French say, " se faisait désirer." 20 25

It was arranged that Cambacères' division of six battalions and nine-and-twenty squadrons should execute a *ricochet* movement, supported by artillery in the intervals, and converging by different *épaulements* on the light infantry, that formed, as usual, the centre of 30

the line. It was by this famous manœuvre that at Arcola, at Montenotte, at Friedland, and subsequently at Mazagran, Suwaroff, Prince Charles, and General Castanos were defeated with such victorious slaughter :  
 5 but it is a movement which, I need not tell every military man, requires the greatest delicacy of execution, and which, if it fails, plunges an army in confusion.

“Where is the Duke of Illyria?” Napoleon asked.

“At the head of his division, no doubt,” said Murat :  
 10 at which Eugène, giving me an arch look, put his hand to his nose, and caused me almost to fall off my horse with laughter. Napoleon looked sternly at me ; but at this moment the troops getting in motion, the celebrated manœuvre began, and his Majesty’s attention was  
 15 taken off from my impudence.

Milhaud’s Dragoons, their bands playing “Vive Henri Quatre,” their cuirasses gleaming in the sunshine, moved upon their own centre from the left flank in the most brilliant order, while the Carbineers of  
 20 Foy, and the Grenadiers of the Guard under Drouet d’Erlon, executed a carambolade on the right, with the precision which became those veteran troops ; but the Chasseurs of the young guard, marching by twos instead of threes, bore consequently upon the Bavarian  
 25 Uhlans (an ill-disciplined and ill-affected body), and then, falling back in disorder, became entangled with the artillery and the left centre of the line, and in one instant thirty thousand men were in inextricable confusion.

“Clubbed, by Jabers !” roared out Lanty Clancy.  
 30 “I wish we could show ’em the Fighting Onety-oneth, Captain darling.”

"Silence, fellow!" I exclaimed. I never saw the face of man express passion so vividly as now did the livid countenance of Napoleon. He tore off General Milhaud's epaulettes, which he flung into Foy's face. He glared about him wildly, like a demon, and shouted hoarsely for the Duke of Illyria. "He is wounded, sire," said General Foy, wiping a tear from his eye, which was blackened by the force of the blow; "he was wounded an hour since in a duel, Sire, by a young English prisoner, Monsieur de Fogarty." 10

"Wounded! a Marshal of France wounded! Where is the Englishman? Bring him out, and let a file of grenadiers ——"

"Sire!" interposed Eugene.

"Let him be shot!" shrieked the Emperor, shaking 15 his spy-glass at me with the fury of a fiend.

This was too much. "Here goes!" said I, and rode slap at him.

There was a shriek of terror from the whole of the French army, and I should think at least forty thousand 20 guns were levelled at me in an instant. But as the muskets were not loaded, and the cannon had only wadding in them, these facts, I presume, saved the life of Phil Fogarty from this discharge.

Knowing my horse, I put him at the Emperor's 25 head, and Bugaboo went at it like a shot. He was riding his famous white Arab, and turned quite pale as I came up and went over the horse and the Emperor, scarcely brushing the cockade which he wore.

"Bravo!" said Murat, bursting into enthusiasm at 30 the leap.

“Cut him down !” said Siéyès, once an Abbé, but now a gigantic Cuirassier ; and he made a pass at me with his sword. But he little knew an Irishman on an Irish horse. Bugaboo cleared Siéyès, and fetched the  
5 monster a slap with his near hind hoof which sent him reeling from his saddle, — and away I went with an army of a hundred and seventy-three thousand eight hundred men at my heels. \* \* \* \*

## VI.—CHARLES DICKENS.

(1812-1870.)

**LIFE.**—Charles Dickens was born in Portsea, England, Feb. 7, 1812. His father, a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, was stationed in Portsmouth dock-yard. Two years later the family moved to London, and in 1816 to Chatham in Kent. In 1821, on returning to London, the father became so involved in financial difficulties that he was finally imprisoned, while the son was set to work in a blacking warehouse. For a few years after the release of his father from prison Dickens obtained rather desultory schooling. In 1827-28 he was in a solicitor's office. Then, following his father's lead, he studied short-hand, and became a reporter in Doctors' Commons. In December 1833, he begun to contribute to the *Monthly Magazine*, and not long afterward, he joined the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. On April 2, 1836, he married Catherine Hogarth, daughter of George Hogarth of the *Chronicle*. The *Sketches by Boz* that had appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* and the *Evening Chronicle* were steps to a literary success that became extraordinary popularity on the publication of *Pickwick Papers* in 1836-37. Henceforth the record of his literary life may be read in the account of his works. In 1842, and again in 1867-68, he visited America, on the second visit giving readings from his own works. In May, 1858, soon after he withdrew from London to Gad's Hill, Kent, he separated from his wife. Constant writing and public readings over-taxed his physical endurance and at length resulted in death, on June 9, 1870. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Unlike Thackeray, Dickens fills his works with constant bits of autobiography. Late in life Dickens confessed to his friend and biographer, John Forster, how fully *David Copperfield* told his own history. The blacking warehouse was converted into a wine

warehouse, but the study of stenography and the reporting of parliamentary debates are direct transcripts from his own life. In a general way, at least, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber are Dickens's parents—the father imprisoned for debt, the mother attempting to recoup the family fortunes by a "Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies." All the loneliness and suffering of Dickens's boyhood are to be read in *Copperfield*. Copperfield's schooling under Mr. Creakle and Mr. Mell bears some relation doubtless to the author's own life at Wellington House Academy. An early passion of Dickens's youth inspired "Dora" of *Copperfield*, and, when the romance had worn off, Mrs. Flora Finching in *Little Dorrit*. Of Dickens's first trip to America, impressions are given in his *American Notes* and some chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Of his life in Kent, Dickens has left many evidences—Mr. Pickwick's adventures begin at Rochester, and Rochester is the scene of *Edwin Drood*.

Scarcely second to Dickens's devotion to literature was his devotion to the theatre. He said once that he had been "a writer when a mere baby, an actor always." In amateur theatricals, in farces, and especially in the dramatic arrangement of some of his readings, notably the murder scene from *Oliver Twist*, this passion is marked. Needy actors he befriended as Thackeray did needy authors. Dickens's friends in the dramatic ranks included all, from the youngest aspirant to Macready.

For Dickens's personal character, we need only recall Carlyle's words on his death, "The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man."

WRITINGS.—Apart from newspaper work, Dickens's publications began with the sketch, *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*, contributed to the *Monthly Magazine* for December, 1833. The first sketch signed "Boz" followed in the next August. The *Sketches by Boz* were collected into two volumes and published with Cruikshank's illustrations in 1836. Seymour wished to produce a series of "cockney sporting plates," and it was suggested that Dickens should use them as the basis for an account of a "Nimrod Club" of unfortunate sportsmen. The idea was modified into the *Pickwick Papers*, which appeared in 1836-37. The four hundred copies of the first number were multiplied to forty

thousand in the fifteenth. *Oliver Twist* followed in 1837-39; *Nicholas Nickleby*, 1838-39; *The Old Curiosity Shop*, 1840-41; *Barnaby Rudge*, 1841, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, 1843-44. Dickens's three great Christmas stories, *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth*, appeared for successive Christmas seasons of 1843-44-45. Of his later works, the greatest is *David Copperfield*, 1849-50. "I have in my heart of hearts," wrote Dickens, "a favorite child, and his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD."

LITERARY QUALITIES.—In the fourth chapter of *Copperfield* Dickens gives us the best clue to his early literary passions: "From that blessed little room, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe came out, a glorious host, to keep me company." Unlike as are Dickens and Thackeray, both turned to Fielding and Le Sage and Cervantes. It is not wholly fanciful to see in Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller traces of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. *Pickwick Papers* reproduces Smollett's lack of construction, Theodore Hook's word-plays, and the cockneyisms of Pierce Egan. Dickens's pen-name, "Boz"—according to a later preface of *Pickwick*—was a nickname of "a younger brother whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield," and Dickens declared that he sought to make his *Christmas Carol* the same in length as Goldsmith's novel.

What Thackeray was to the upper classes, Dickens was to the lower. While Becky Sharp and Rawdon Crawley cheated their way into vanity fair, Bill Sikes and Fagin the Jew and the Artful Dodger plotted their villainies in the thieves' dens of London. Poverty brought Colonel Newcome as a pensioner to Charterhouse, but Micawber and William Dorrit were thrown into debtors' prisons at the Marshalsea. Thackeray was content to picture life as he found it, but Dickens attacked with a reformer's zeal the evils of the workhouse and the prison. In contrast to the subtler humor of Thackeray, Dickens's comic scenes seem often overdone. His characters become frequently caricatures, sometimes almost personifications of abstract virtues and vices, like the

"humour" characters of Ben Jonson's comedies. At times Dickens goes even further, and associates a certain action or trick of words with a particular character. Peggotty's constant bursting off of buttons and Uriah Heep's "humble" are insisted upon as continually as Bob Acres's system of "referential swearing" or Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs." But side by side with burlesque, unreal, and grotesque characters Dickens has given us some immortals—among them Sam Weller, Micawber, Dick Swiveller and Sairey Gamp.

Unlike Hawthorne and George Eliot, Dickens crowded his canvas with hundreds of figures. It followed as an almost inevitable consequence that his plots were often confused. But it should be remembered that if *Pickwick Papers* lacks constructive skill, so does *Vanity Fair*, while *Bleak House* shows perhaps in this particular as great advance as *Henry Esmond*. In pathos, as in humor, Dickens and Thackeray are wide apart. The death of Little Nell was praised by a forgotten poet, Horne, as so near poetry in scansion that it was "worthy of the best passages in Wordsworth," but one turns away to the immortal simplicity of the death of George Osborne on the field at Waterloo and of Colonel Newcome at Charterhouse. Dickens's true pathetic power should be sought rather in the record of David Copperfield's childhood and in the story of Tiny Tim. After all is said, however, Dickens remains as the greatest modern humorist of low comedy.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.—This novel appeared in *All the Year Round* from April 30 to November 26, 1859. With the exception of *Barnaby Rudge*, this is Dickens's only historical novel. The two cities are London and Paris—the time that of the French Revolution. In form the novel is so dramatic that from Dickens's time to the present it has been often turned into melodrama. Strangely unlike most of the other works of Dickens, this novel almost wholly lacks humor, and the emphasis is laid, not on character, but on incident. In a letter of August 25, 1859, to Forster, Dickens wrote: "I set myself the little task of making a *picturesque* story rising in every chapter with characters true to nature, but whom the story itself should express more than they should express themselves by dialogue. I mean, in other words,

that I fancied a story of incident might be written in place of the bestiality that is written under that pretence."

*A Tale of Two Cities* presents an interesting field for study of Dickens's varying literary style. From the first remarkably "balanced" paragraph to the supposed prophecies of Carton at the foot of the guillotine, are constant and conscious mannerisms. Of the use of balance, another passage may be instanced, where Madame Defarge seeks vengeance on Charles Darnay: "It was nothing to her, that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan. . . . Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden in her waist was a sharpened dagger." For equally conscious use of asyndeton—the broken style with absence of connectives—turn to the opening pages of the chapter, "Monsieur the Marquis in the Country." Dickens's narrative style appears at its best, not in the melodramatic scene at the guillotine, but in the flight from Paris and the thrilling narrative of Dr. Manette.

Dr. Manette's story is taken from chapter ten of the Third Book. It is a complete unit, and may be read wholly without knowledge of the plot of the novel. Briefly, however, the circumstances of its introduction are these: Dr. Manette, after years of imprisonment in the Bastille, is restored to his daughter Lucie in London. St. Evremonde, a young French noble, whose sympathies, in spite of his birth, are with the oppressed French common people, comes to London under the name of Charles Darnay. He wins the love of Lucie, and marries her, but is recalled to Paris to rescue an old servant from supposed peril. As soon as he arrives in Paris he is arrested on the charge of Citizen Defarge that he is a son of a hated noble. Dr. Manette and Lucie have followed him to Paris. Dr. Manette's intercessions for the prisoner seem to avail until a paper is produced in Dr. Manette's handwriting. This is the narrative of our selection. Darnay is sentenced, but is finally saved through the self-sacrifice of Sidney Carton, a careless, intemperate London barrister, who, for the love of Lucie, has followed her to Paris, and dies in Darnay's stead at the guillotine.

## Doctor Manette's Manuscript.

(1859.)

(From *A Tale of Two Cities*.)

"I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

10 "These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know, from terrible warnings I have noted in myself, that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for  
15 these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month), in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of  
25 the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence

in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop. 5

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, 15 voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

" 'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

" 'I am.'

" 'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other; 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who, within the last year or two, has made a rising reputation in Paris?' 20

" 'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

" 'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 25 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

" The manner of both was imperious, and they both 30 moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me

between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

“‘Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honor to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.’

“The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second. ‘Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?’

“I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

“I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place. \* \* \*

“The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immedi-

ately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding glove, across the face.

“There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people 5 struck more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm: the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers. 10

“From the time of alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had re-locked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing 15 louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

“The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her 20 sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearing of a Noble, and the letter E. 25

“I saw this within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for, in her restless strivings, she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to 30 put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and, in

moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked  
5 into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and  
10 then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say 'Hush!' There was no variation in the order, or in the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular  
15 moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

" 'How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who  
20 replied, 'Since about this hour last night.'

" 'She has a husband, a father, and a brother?'

" 'A brother.'

" 'I do not address her brother.'

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

25 " 'She has some recent association with the number twelve?'

"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock?'

" 'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands  
30 upon her breast, 'how useless I am as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I

could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here;' 5 and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table. \* \* \* \*

"I opened some of the bottles, smelt them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in 10 themselves, I would not have administered any of those.

"'Do you doubt them?' asked the younger brother.

"'You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,' I replied, and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, 15 and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after awhile, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down-stairs) 20 who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered 25 in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them to see that they were not 30 painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case

was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillized the figure. It had no effect upon the cries ; no pendulum could be more regular.

5 For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said :

" ' There is another patient.' "

" I was startled, and asked, ' Is it a pressing case ? ' "

10 " ' You had better see,' he carelessly answered ; and took up a light. \* \* \* \* "

" The other patient lay in a back-room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of  
15 it ; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part to get to the other. My memory is circum-  
20 stantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

" On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown  
25 under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I  
30 kneeled on one knee over him ; but, I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

“ ‘I am a doctor, my poor fellow,’ I said. ‘Let me examine it.’

“ ‘I do not want it examined,’ he answered ; ‘let it be.’

“It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword 5 thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was 10 ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit ; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

“ ‘How has this been done, monsieur ?’ said I.

“ ‘A crazed young common dog ! A serf ! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my 15 brother’s sword—like a gentleman.’

“There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it 20 would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy or about his fate.

“The boy’s eyes had slowly moved to him as he had 25 spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

“ ‘Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles ; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us ; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She——Have you seen 30 her ?’

"The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them as if she were lying in our presence.

"I said, 'I have seen her.'

5 " 'She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a  
10 good young man, too—a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.'

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but his spirit spoke  
15 with a dreadful emphasis.

" 'We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his  
20 mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a simple tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the  
25 shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for was, that our women  
30 might be barren and our miserable race die out!'

"I had never before seen the sense of being op-

pressed bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere ; but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy.

“ ‘ Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He 5  
was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks when that man’s brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man 10  
to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us ? He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her 15  
willing ? ’

“ The boy’s eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another I can see even 20  
in this Bastille ; the gentleman’s all negligent indifference ; the peasant’s, all trodden-down sentiment and passionate revenge.

“ ‘ You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and 25  
drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered 30  
him back into his harness in the day. But he was

not persuaded. No! taken out of harness one day at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.'

- 5 "Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.
- 10 " 'Then, with that man's permission, and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away for his pleasure and
- 15 diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at
- 20 least, she will never be his vassal. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here.'

"The room was darkening to his sight; the world

25 was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

" 'She heard me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in, and first tossed

30 me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him

as to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.’

“ My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, 5  
on the fragments of a broken sword lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman’s. In another place lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier’s.

“ ‘ Now, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he ? ’ 10

“ ‘ He is not here,’ I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

“ ‘ He ! Proud as these Nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here ? Turn my face to him.’ 15

“ I did so, raising the boy’s head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely : obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

“ ‘ Marquis,’ said the boy, turning to him with his 20  
eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, ‘ in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all 25  
these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.’

“ Twice he put his hand to the wound in his breast, 30  
and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He

stood for an instant with his finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. \* \* \* \*

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always, 'My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!'

"This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

"'Is she dead?' asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

“ ‘Not dead,’ said I ; ‘but like to die.’

“ ‘What strength there is in these common bodies !’ he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

“ ‘There is prodigious strength,’ I answered him, ‘in sorrow and despair.’

“ He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said in a subdued voice,

“ ‘Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here are things to be seen, and not spoken of.’

“ I listened to the patient’s breathing, and avoided answering.

“ ‘Do you honor me with your attention, Doctor ?’

“ ‘Monsieur,’ said I, ‘in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.’ I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

“ Her breathing was so difficult to trace that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. \* \* \* \*

“ I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory ; it can recall, and could detail,

every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

"She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her ; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

10 "I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always  
15 jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her, as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

20 "I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this  
25 was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder ; but I saw this.  
30 I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

"My patient died two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended. 5

"The brothers were waiting in a room down-stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding whips, and loitering up and down.

" 'At last she is dead?' said the elder, when I went 10 in.

" 'She is dead,' said I.

" 'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round.

"He had before offered me money, which I had 15 postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

" 'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circum- 20 stances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. \* \* \* \*

"I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. 25 I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

"Early in the morning, the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box with my name on the outside. From the first, I had anxiously considered what 30 I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately

to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone : in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what court influence was, and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of ; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife ; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger ; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. \* \* \* \*

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that noble man very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write

the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being 5 resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many. 10

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, 15 had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour, I am ignorant of both. \* \* \* \*

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my 20 record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and 25 in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor 30 amends I can. He will never prosper in his inherit-

ance otherwise. I have a presentiment that, if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, 'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—Oh, my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me; he had a coach waiting.

"It brought me here; it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tight over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single

gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it to me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here; I was brought to my living grave.

5  
“If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned 10 them. But, now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexander Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my un- 15 bearable agony, denounce to the time when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth.”

## VII.—FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

(1839—.)

LIFE.—Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839. His father was a cultured student and teacher. In 1854, after a common-school education, Bret Harte, left fatherless, was led by the "gold craze" to California. Poor success at teaching and mining made him abandon mining camps for San Francisco. In 1857 he became a compositor on the *Golden Era*, and before long began to contribute to its columns local sketches. For a time he edited the *Californian*, and in 1864 was appointed secretary of the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco, a position which he held for six years. When *The Overland Monthly* was started in July, 1868, Bret Harte became editor. For a few months he held the professorship of recent literature at the University of California, but in 1871 he removed to New York. In 1878 he was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, and two years later was transferred to Glasgow, Scotland, where he remained until 1885. Since then he has resided chiefly abroad, and is now a well known member of London literary circles.

WRITINGS.—In the introduction to the complete edition of his works, Bret Harte's own account of his literary life, he says: "The author's *first* volume was published in 1865 in a thin book of verse. . . . This was followed in 1867 by *The Condensed Novels*, originally contributed to the *San Francisco Californian*, a journal then edited by the author, and a number of local sketches entitled *Bohemian Papers*, making a single not very plethoric volume, the author's first book of prose. But he deems it worthy of consideration that during this period, *i.e.* from 1862 to 1866, he

produced *The Society upon the Stanislaus* and *The Story of Miss*,—the first a dialectical poem, the second a Californian romance,—his first efforts toward indicating a peculiarly characteristic Western American literature. . . . When the first number of the *Overland Monthly* appeared, the author, then its editor, called the publisher's attention to the lack of any distinctive Californian romance in its pages, and averred that, should no other contribution come in, he himself would supply the omission in the next number." No such contribution was offered, and accordingly in the August number appeared Bret Harte's first great story, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. This at once won him general recognition throughout the country, though he remained for a time a prophet without honor among those whose rough lives he had pictured only too well. "Thus encouraged, *The Luck of Roaring Camp* was followed by *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Miggles*, *Tennessee's Partner*, and those various other characters who had impressed the author when, a mere truant school-boy, he had lived among them." Eight or ten of these stories gathered into the volume called *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches* (or *Stories*) constitute Bret Harte's best claim to enduring literary fame. His numerous poems are of very unequal merit, but some in dialect are of real worth. Of these the most popular, usually called *The Heathen Chinnee*, appeared in the *Overland* in September, 1870. In his longer efforts, notably his novel *Gabriel Conroy*, a study of early California life, Bret Harte has never equalled his success in the short story.

LITERARY QUALITIES.—Dickens is perhaps Bret Harte's chief master. In *Dickens in Camp*, Bret Harte pictures the Californian miners dropping their cards to gather round the fire while one

"Read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of 'Little Nell.'"

When he defended himself against his "alleged tendency to confuse recognized standards of morality by extenuating lives of recklessness, and often criminality, with a single solitary virtue," he declared that he was only "voicing the beliefs of a few of his literary brethren happily living and one gloriously dead, who

never made proclamation of this 'from the housetops'." It was written after the death of Dickens.

Bret Harte represents the full development of the local short story. *Rip Van Winkle* has been called the first local short story, but Bret Harte was to the Californian early life much more than Irving was to the real life of the Kaatskills. In developing a local atmosphere in a succession of short stories, Harte led the way for Mary E. Wilkins's pictures of New England, George W. Cable's and Thomas Nelson Page's of the south, Miss Murfree's of the Tennessee mountains, Hamlin Garland's of the west, and a host of others. Only in the Californian atmosphere does Bret Harte breathe freely. When he steps out of Roaring Camp and Poker Flat and Red Dog, his footing is no longer sure. Practically all his best characters are native to the Californian soil—Oakhurst, Kentuck, Tennessee's Partner, Mother Shipton, Miggles, and Mliss. In answer to the question whether his characters and incidents were drawn from real life, Bret Harte replied that "in only a single instance was he conscious of drawing purely from his imagination and fancy for a character and a logical succession of incidents drawn therefrom." Yet Harte, like Dickens, is an idealist rather than a realist. Roaring Camp and Poker Flat are not photographed, but painted. Indeed, it has been objected that he casts such a glamour over the sin and misery of the mining camp that one reads, not fact, but romance.

Bret Harte says that "he has never moralised or commented upon the actions of his heroes, that he has never voiced a creed or obtrusively demonstrated an ethical opinion," yet the atmosphere he created is distinctly wholesome. Though most of his characters are dissolute and profligate, and though, in righteous scorn at the "Cant of 'Too much Mercy,'" he gave them redeeming traits, he never made vice attractive. Publisher and proof-reader protested against the indecency and immorality of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, but Bret Harte knew his innocence. "When he shall see," he wrote years later of himself, "pardoned ticket-of-leave men elbowing men of austere lives out of situation and position, and the repentant Magdalen sup-

planting the blameless virgin in society, then he will lay aside his pen and extend his hand to the new Draconian discipline in fiction. But until then he will, without claiming to be a religious man or a moralist, but simply as an artist, reverently and humbly conform to the rules laid down by a Great Poet who created the parable of the 'Prodigal Son' and the 'Good Samaritan,' whose works have lasted eighteen hundred years, and will remain when the present writer and his generation are forgotten."

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.—The following story first appeared in *The Overland Monthly*, in January, 1869.

Bret Harte's best work blends humor and pathos. Compared with *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* has less humor and more pathos. It is phrased in a deeper tragic key. Both contain a succession of episodes. It would not be difficult to separate *The Outcasts* into distinct scenes—the expulsion from Poker Flat—the camp-scene at the arrival of the Innocent and Piney—different days in camp—Mother Shipton's death and the departure of the Innocent—the death of Oakhurst.

Within the limits of the short story the character-drawing is remarkable. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, at least, are finely wrought, while the others are clearly differentiated. The effects are secured not by lengthy descriptions, but by the actions of the characters themselves. Harte's naturalness comes out distinctly by comparing with Dickens's death of Little Nell the death of Mother Shipton. The death of Oakhurst is handled a little more elaborately, but still with artistic repression. The same naturalness is evident in the dialogue and in the use of nature as a dramatic setting. If it be true that the self-sacrifice of Oakhurst and Mother Shipton is somewhat unnatural, Bret Harte's genius has left the impression of truth.

## The Outcasts of Poker Flat.\*

(1869.)

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

10 Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the hand-  
15 kerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done

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permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, 5 to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee 10 had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away 15 our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic 20 calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer. 25

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party con- 30 sisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The

Duchess "; another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton "; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any  
5 word uttered by the escort. Only, when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

10 As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened  
15 calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good-humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own  
20 riding-horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a  
25 feeble, faded coquetry ; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as  
30 yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to

the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot-hills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted. 5

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by 10 precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy 15 Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with 20 liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess be- 25 came maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and 30 presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "could n't

afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah-trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his  
5 black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions  
never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help  
10 feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at  
15 the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the new-comer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Inno-  
20 cent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful  
25 speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom  
30 Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish

and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Did n't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to 5 wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they 10 had found a place to camp and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine-tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover. 15

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle 20 Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of 25 making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log-house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said 30 the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the  
5 joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation.  
10 Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton,  
15 who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d—d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes  
20 that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a  
1 slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees, and  
25 moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine-boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the sway-  
30 ing pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark

upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning 5 he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it,—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awaken- 10 ing the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The 15 tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; 20 the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snow-flakes, that 25 dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summoned up the present and future in two words,—“snowed in!”

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, 30

and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to  
 5 board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered  
 10 from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added,  
 15 significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We 'll have a  
 20 good camp for a week, and then the snow 'll melt, and we 'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man, and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine-boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the  
 25 Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue  
 30 eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply  
 to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested

Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey, which he had prudently *cachéd*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group around it that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun." 10

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cachéd* his cards with the whiskey as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "did n't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled 15 by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of his instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the 20 Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanters' swing to 25 its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain :—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,  
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent, by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck,—nigger-luck,—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat,—you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along, you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance,—

25        " 'I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,  
             And I'm bound to die in His army.' "

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth

over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut,—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. 5 Through the marvellously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness, hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and 10 perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. “Just you go out there and cuss, and see.” She then set herself to the task of amusing “the child,” as she and the Duchess were 15 pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she did n’t swear and was n’t improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the 20 reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp-fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney,—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst 25 nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope’s ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate 30 the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly

mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of “Ash-heels,” as the Innocent persisted in denominating the “swift-footed Achilles.”

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snow-flakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Ship-ton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. “I'm going,” she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, “but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it.” Mr. Oakhurst did

so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You 've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snow-shoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking

into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke ; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day.

5 That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the  
10 embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine-  
20 boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from  
25 above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have  
30 told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat

recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written 5  
in pencil, in a firm hand :—

†  
BENEATH THIS TREE  
LIES THE BODY  
OF  
JOHN OAKHURST,  
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK 10  
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER, 1850,  
AND  
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS  
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850. 15  
‡

And pulseless and cold, with a derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

## VIII.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(1850-1894.)

LIFE.—Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson, so he was baptized, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, Nov. 13, 1850. His father, Thomas Stevenson, a civil engineer, lived at Edinburgh until his death in 1887. At seventeen Stevenson entered Edinburgh University. It was expected that he would become a civil engineer, though from the first his own passion was for authorship. In 1871 it was agreed that he should study law, and on July 14, 1875, he passed the Edinburgh bar examination. After several trips to the Continent, he sailed for the United States in August, 1879. In May of the following year he married in California a Mrs. Osbourne, whom he had met in France. In August the Stevensons sailed back from New York. In the years following Stevenson sought to establish his health, infirm from boyhood, at Davos, Switzerland, and at Marseilles and Hyères, in southern France. In September, 1884, he settled at Bournemouth, England. In August, 1887, three months after his father's death, he sailed again for America. That winter he spent at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, still seeking health. In June, 1888, he sailed from San Francisco in a schooner yacht for the South Seas. For more than two years he voyaged among the islands of the Pacific, and in November, 1890, settled finally in Samoa. Here, at his home, Vailima, he died, December 3, 1894. He was buried on the neighboring summit of Mount Vaea.

Scarcely any other English author is so frankly autobiographical as Stevenson. In *Memories and Portraits* he sketches the "blended sternness and softness that was wholly Scottish" of his father, while in *A Family of Engineers* he tells of the scientific

achievements of the Stevensons. From the *Child's Garden of Verses*, *A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured*, and *Random Memories*, it is not difficult to conjure up something of the romance of his childhood. Of his early passion for writing we gain delightful glimpses in *A Collège Magazine*: "All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. . . . And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write." In *Some College Memories* he pictures himself as "a certain lean, ugly, idle, unpopular student, whose presence was for me the gist and heart of the whole matter; whose changing humours, fine occasional purposes of good, flinching acceptance of evil, shiverings on wet, east-windy, morning journeys up to class, infinite yawnings during lecture and unquenchable gusto in the delights of truancy, made up the sunshine and shadow of my college life." Of his professors he speaks charmingly, and of his favorite Fleeming Jenkin he wrote a memoir. Pictures of his early friends he gives us in his first essay on *Talk and Talkers*, where "Burly" is W. E. Henley, "Spring-Heel'd Jack" his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, "Athelred" Sir Walter Simpson, and "Cockshot" Fleeming Jenkin. "Old Mortality" commemorates James Walter Ferrier, who, with Stevenson, was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh University Magazine*. Of his travels Stevenson wrote constantly. His trip to France in 1875 inspired his *Fontainebleau*, his spring canoe trip in 1876 through Belgium with Sir Walter Simpson the *Inland Voyage*, and his autumn trip in 1878 to the Cévennes the *Travels with a Donkey*. *The Amateur Emigrant* describes his first trip to America in the steerage, part of *Across the Plains* some Western experiences, and the *Silverado Squatters* his Californian life in 1880. Of the years that followed in France and England perhaps the best pictures are in the familiar letters. Of the last half-dozen years of his life the story is found in the less pleasing studies,

*In the South Seas*, and in the *Vailima Letters* to Sidney Colvin. Frankly personal as are all these writings, Stevenson was so far from egotistical that few men possessed equal personal charm. Gosse voiced the common feeling of Stevenson's friends in calling him "the most fascinating human being that I have known."

WRITINGS.—In his sixth year Stevenson dictated a *History of Moses*, and an account of *Travels in Perth* dates from his ninth year. With his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, he fabricated a series of adventures about a mythical island, and at the Edinburgh High School he started in manuscript a school magazine. In *A College Magazine* Stevenson tells how with three others he founded a college paper that "ran four months in undisturbed obscurity, and died without a gasp." His first book, *An Inland Voyage*, appeared in 1878, and *Travels with a Donkey* in the next year. Two volumes of essays followed, *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881) and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (1882). The *New Arabian Nights*, the first collection of his short stories, was printed in 1882. In 1883 the publication in book-form of his first novel, *Treasure Island*, which had appeared as a serial in *Young Folks* (1881-2), established Stevenson's reputation. In verse he published the *Child's Garden of Verses* in 1885, *Underwoods* in 1887, and *Ballads* in 1890. His most celebrated short story, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), at least equalled the success of *Treasure Island*. Of his later novels the chief are *Kidnapped* (1886), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), *Catriona*, the second part of *Kidnapped* (1893), and *Weir of Hermiston*, left unfinished at his death, but promising to have been his masterpiece. Besides these, he wrote in conjunction with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, *The Wrecker*, and himself published other novels, numerous short stories, and essays. Of essays perhaps the most noteworthy are some in *Memories and Portraits* (1887) and the deeper-toned *Pulvis et Umbra* and *A Christmas Sermon*.

LITERARY QUALITIES.—A true Scotchman, Stevenson followed Burns in verse, and in prose Scott. How truly romance, as exemplified in its great masters Scott and Dumas, influenced his work, is read not only in his own novels, but, in so many words, in *A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas*, *A Gossip on Romance*, and *A Humble Remonstrance*. In the first he says, "One

or two of Scott's novels, Shakespeare, Molière, Montaigne, *The Egoist*, and the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, form the inner circle of my intimates." Again, "How often I have read *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, or *Redgauntlet*, I have no means of guessing, having begun young." All his literary debts he acknowledged as frankly as when he wrote of *Treasure Island*—"A few reminiscences of Poe, Defoe, and Washington Irving, a copy of Johnson's *Buccaneers*, the name of the Dead Man's Chest from Kingsley's *At Last*, some recollections of canoeing on the high seas, a cruise in a fifteen-ton schooner-yacht, and the map itself, with its infinite, eloquent suggestion, made up the whole of my materials." "Fiction," he wrote in the *Gossip on Romance*, "is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him with every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance."

But perhaps Stevenson is looked upon as a master not so much of romance as of style. In *A College Magazine* he explains how zealously he set himself to imitate the virtues of great writers, playing "the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Beaudelaire and to Obermann." "Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers, the student should have tried all that are possible; before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of words, he should long have practised the literary scales; and it is only after years of such gymnastics that he can sit down at last, legions of words swarming to his call, dozens of turns of phrases simultaneously bidding for his choice, and he himself knowing what he wants to do and (within the narrow limit of a man's ability) able to do it." In the days when he was studying civil engineering, the picturesque vocabulary of its terms appealed to Stevenson more than the profession itself: "I loved the art of words and the appearances of life; and *travelers*, and *headers*, and *rubble*, and *polished ashlar*, and *pierres perdues*, and even the thrilling question of the *string-course*, interested me only (if they interested me at all) as properties for

some possible romance or as words to add to my vocabulary." In *Across the Plains* he says, "None can care for literature in itself who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names." Of his well-nigh perfect mastery of the art of words the Dedications of his various works are marked examples. To judge how Stevenson gained warmth and color in his word pictures one has only to substitute general for specific words in such a sentence as this from *The Wrecker*—"Suppose a man to dig up a galleon on the Coromandel coast, his rakish schooner keeping the while an offing under easy sail, and he, by the blaze of a great fire of wreck-wood, to measure ingots by the bucketful on the uproarious beach." Even the critics who quarrel with Stevenson's faults admit his mastery of literary prose.

Since Stevenson deliberately chose to write romance in which the interest lay chiefly in adventure, he might be pardoned some weaknesses of character-drawing. Yet even in *Treasure Island*, which he said "was to be a story for boys; no need of psychology or fine writing," he drew at least one masterly figure in John Silver. The great theme of most novelists, the sex motive, Stevenson handled but seldom, yet the characters of the elder and younger Kirstie in *Weir of Hermiston* answer the charge that he was unable to treat woman successfully. Much, however, as character interested Stevenson, he preferred usually to develop it by incident rather than by constant psychological analysis. "It is not character," he wrote in *A Gossip on Romance*, "but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realised in the story with enticing or appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance."

On his own romances he passed this judgment in a letter of 1892: "*Falesa* and *David Balfour* seem to me to be nearer what I mean than anything I have done—nearer what I mean by fiction; the nearest thing before was *Kidnapped*. I am not forgetting the *Master of Ballantrae*; but that lacked all pleasure-ableness, and hence was imperfect in essence."

MARKHEIM.—*Markheim* first appeared in *Unwin's Annual*, in 1886, and then in the collection of stories published in 1886 under the title *The Merry Men and Other Tales*. According to a note in the recently published *Stevenson Letters* (vol. 1, p. 400) it was offered in 1884 to Charles Morley of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who wanted "a 'crawler,' or Christmas story of the blood-curdling kind." It was not accepted, as it was deemed too short.

*Markheim* resembles *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* rather than the longer romances of adventure. The problem of the dual nature of man—the higher and the lower—suggests Launcelot Gobbo's personification of the Fiend and his Conscience—" 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience." But if the story is essentially psychological, Stevenson never lets the reader wander from the room in which *Markheim* stands by the murdered dealer. The tragic note is greatly heightened by the use of dramatic setting—the flickering candle, the bells from the cathedral turret, the mirrors where "his own eyes met and detected him"—the knocking at the door. This knocking at the door—in itself so trivial, in its significance to the murderer so terrible—recalls in its effect Macduff's knocking at the gate after Macbeth and Lady Macbeth have murdered Duncan. The last half of the story is taken up with *Markheim's* dialogue with his visitant—his other self—his Mr. Hyde. The struggle culminates when the murderer turns to the returning servant—a masterly climax—" 'You had better go for the police,' said he: 'I have killed your master.' "

## Markheim.

(1886.)

"YES," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," 5  
he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

*Markheim* had but just entered from the daylight

streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

5 The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas-day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time,  
10 when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you to-day very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer can not look me in the eye, he has to pay for  
15 it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clean account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remark-  
20 able collector, sir!"

And the little, pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tip-toe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of  
25 infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock  
30 Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand to-day is simplicity itself. I seek

a Christmas-present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little com- 5 pliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of 10 the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be 15 an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now," he went on, "this hand-glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole 20 heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap 25 of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said, hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? 30 Surely not?"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, 5 look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he 10 chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas-present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years, and sins and follies—this hand-conscience! 15 Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was 20 very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily- 25 "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a 30 chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I," cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time to-day for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?" 5

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we 10 can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? 15 Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?"

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop." 20

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blonde hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little 25 nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his great-coat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror, and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift 30 of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewer-like dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a  
5 hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out  
10 the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle  
15 stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with res-  
20 piration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

25 From these fear-stricken roving, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much  
30 sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of

old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that 5 would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. “Time was that when the brains were out,” he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, 10 which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another 15 ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir 20 himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of 25 spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He 30 should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have

prepared an alibi ; he should not have used a knife ; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him ; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also ; he  
5 should have done all things otherwise ; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like scurry-  
10 ing of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot ; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish ; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the  
15 black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity ;  
20 and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear—solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise ; happy family parties, struck  
25 into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger : every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly ; the clink of the  
30 tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell ; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted

to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house. 5

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. 10 One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick 15 walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, “out for the day” written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, 20 of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing—he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was 25 a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at 30 the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes.

The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that  
5 strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and raileries in  
10 which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would  
15 once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be  
20 done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence—his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obsti-  
25 nate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door,  
30 where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet

with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor ; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable 5 to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all 10 expression ; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fisher's village : a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd 15 upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer ; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth 20 and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored : Brownrigg with her apprentice ; the Mannings with their murdered guest ; Weare in the death-grip of Thurtell ; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion ; he was 25 once again that little boy ; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures ; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory ; and at that, for the first time, a qualm 30 came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness

of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little awhile ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, with a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced toward the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the

threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on the 5 dark wood-carvings, and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread 10 of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone 15 grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, 20 feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul. And then again, and hearkening with every fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresisting sense which held the outposts 25 and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half-rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty 30 steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chess-board, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth

against sin. But about God himself he was at ease ; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew ; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and 5 shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture ; several great pier-plasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an 10 actor on the stage ; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing with their faces to the wall ; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor ; but by great good fortune the 15 lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many ; and it was irksome, 20 besides ; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to 25 verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the 30 air and words. How stately, how comfortable was

the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the peeling of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brook-side, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-flyers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked, pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candle-light of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God. 5

And yet the creature had a strange air of the common-place, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness. 10

Markheim made no answer. 15

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer. 20

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "can not affect the service I propose to render you." 25

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet, thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul." 30

“ Know me ! ” cried Markheim. “ Who can do so ? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do ; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and  
5 stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints ! I am worse than  
10 most ; myself is more overlaid ; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself.”

“ To me ? ” inquired the visitant.

“ To you before all,” returned the murderer. “ I  
15 supposed you were intelligent. I thought—since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts ! Think of it ; my acts ! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants ; giants have dragged me by the  
20 wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts ! But can you not look within ? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me ? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never  
25 blurred by any willful sophistry, although too often disregarded ? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner ? ”

“ All this is very feelingly expressed,” was the reply,  
30 “ but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least

by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is 5 as if the gallows itself was striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," re- 10 turned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should 15 find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death-bed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim 20 cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, 25 or to sow tares in the wheat-field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service—to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my sur- 30 viving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try

me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, 5 for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words: 10 and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, 15 at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of 20 good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding 25 on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore 30 than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by

the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me ; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape.” 5

“I will lay my heart open to you,” answered Markheim. “This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons ; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not ; I was a bond-slave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations ; mine was not so : I had a thirst of pleasure. But to-day, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches—both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world ; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past ; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life ; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination.” 20 25

“You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think ?” remarked the visitor ; “and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands ?” 30

“ Ah,” said Markheim, “ but this time I have a sure thing.”

“ This time, again, you will lose,” replied the visitor, quietly.

5 “ Ah, but I keep back the half ! ” cried Markheim.

“ That also you will lose,” said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim’s brow. “ Well, then, what matter ? ” he exclaimed. “ Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of  
10 me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better ? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms ; and though I be fallen to such a crime  
15 as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor ; who knows their trials better than myself ? I pity and help them ; I prize love, I love honest laughter ; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices  
20 only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind ? Not so ; good, also, is a spring of acts.”

But the visitant raised his finger. “ For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world,” said he,  
25 “ through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or  
30 meanness, from which you still recoil ?—five years from now I shall detect you in the fact ! Downward,

downward, lies your way ; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said, huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less 5 dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and 10 at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish 15 of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably writ- 20 ten down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim. 25

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly 30 what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for

these lessons from my soul : my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rung through the house ; and the visitant, as though this  
5 were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill ;  
10 you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path.  
15 Thenceforward you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the  
20 scales; up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I  
25 be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your  
30 galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change ; they brightened and softened with a tender triumph ; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened 5 the door and went down-stairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him ; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer ; but on 10 the further side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then 15 the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

“ You had better go for the police,” said he : “ I have killed your master.”

## NOTES.

### CHARLES LAMB.

**Text.** Modern texts of *The Superannuated Man* differ from the original of the *London Magazine*, May, 1825. Though complete variorum readings would here be wholly out of place, it is well in adopting the familiar current text to note briefly some of the more important deviations from the original. Disregarding variations of spelling and word-compounding and other minor changes, two differences may be considered briefly. (1) The original text is divided into two parts, the first headed with the quotation from Vergil; the second—beginning with the sentence, “A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication”—headed with the quotation from O’Keefe. (2) The original text has an additional half-page in the next to the last paragraph. After the sentence concluding, “and what is it all for?” Lamb quotes five lines from Cowley and in full his own sonnet on “Work”, while a few added prose sentences glorify still further “divine Leisure!” The insertion of a foot-note on the Puritan Sabbath and one or two other interesting variations in the text are referred to below.

**Heading.** *Superannuated Man*.—Simply “retired on pension”: as for example: “Mr. John Dickens, the father, was superannuated in 1816, while yet in the prime of life, and allowed a pension,—according to the liberal practice in England.”—R. S. Mackenzie, *Life of Dickens*, chapter I.

The quotation is from Vergil: *Eclogue I.* 28, where the order of words is, “Libertas; quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem.”

*O’Keefe*.—Almost certainly John O’Keeffe (1747–1833), an Irish dramatist who removed to London about 1780, and wrote frequent comic pieces for the Haymarket and Covent Garden theatres.

5 : 10. *Six-and-thirty years*.—Lamb's "irksome confinement" to his office-desk lasted from his entrance into the South Sea House, soon after leaving school in November, 1789, until his retirement from the India House, March 29, 1825.

5 : 11. *Mincing Lane*.—Leads off Fenchurch Street, between the Bank of England and the Tower of London.

5 : 12. *Transition at fourteen*.—Lamb (born February 10, 1775), left Christ's Hospital School in November, 1789.

6 : 4. In the original text this foot-note is here appended : "Our ancestors, the noble old Puritans of Cromwell's day, could distinguish between a day of religious rest and a day of recreation ; and while they exacted a rigorous abstinence from all amusements (even to the walking out of nursery maids with their little charges in the fields) upon the Sabbath ; in the lieu of the superstitious observance of the Saints' days, which they abrogated, they humanely gave to the apprentices, and poorer sort of people, every alternate Thursday for a day of entire sport and recreation. A strain of piety and policy to be commended above the profane mockery of the Stuarts and their Book of Sports." A striking parallel to this note is found in an undated letter to Barton : "The Puritans, I have read in Southey's book, knew the distinction [between *holliday* and HOLY-day]. They made people observe Sunday rigorously, would not let a nursery-maid walk out in the fields with children for recreation on that day. But *then*—they gave the people a holliday from all sorts of work every second Tuesday."

6 : 9. Lamb's delight in London shops and street-life was unflagging. Letter to Thomas Manning (1800), a mathematical tutor at Cambridge when he first met Lamb, in 1799 : "London, whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain. O ! her lamps of a night ! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardware-men, pastry-cooks ! St. Paul's churchyard ! the Strand ! Exeter Change ! Charing Cross, with the man *upon* a black horse ! These are thy gods, O London !" Letter to Wordsworth, January 30, 1801 : "I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." Even after his visit to the English Lakes in 1802, when with Coleridge he climbed Mount

Skiddaw, he wrote to Manning, September 24: "After all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw."

6 : 27. Lamb took keen zest in his short holidays. On September 28, 1805, he wrote to Wordsworth: "We [Mary and Charles Lamb] have been two tiny excursions this summer for three or four days each, to a place near Harrow, and to Egham, where Cooper's Hill is; and that is the total history of our rustications this year."

6 : 29. In the Elia essay, *Mackery End, in Hertfordshire*, Lamb says: "The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End. . . a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget" (his sister Mary). The sketch describes a visit after "more than forty years had elapsed."

7 : 4-7. Letter to Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, April 18, 1825: "I go about quiet, and have none of that restless hunting after recreation, which made holidays formerly uneasy joys."

7 : 12. Despite constant references to his office "thralldom", Lamb had a lively sense of the advantages of his fixed income. On January 9, 1823, he vigorously dissuades his friend Barton from abandoning his position in a bank for his favorite avocation, poetry. "Oh, you know not, may you never know! the miseries of subsisting by authorship. 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery, worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work."

7 : 17. In a letter to Manning (probably early in 1825), he writes of his joy in a physician's certificate "that I am *non-capacitated*, (I cannot write it *in-*) for business. O joyous imbecility!"

7 : 25. *Fifty years of age*.—Lamb's exact age in 1825.

7 : 27. September 11, 1822, letter to Barton: "I am, like you, a prisoner to the desk. I have been chained to that galley thirty years, a long shot. I have almost grown to the wood."

8 : 1. The real account of Lamb's resignation from the India House is given in a letter to Miss Hutchinson, April 18, 1825:

"You want to know all about my jail delivery. Take it then. About twelve weeks since I had a sort of intimation that a resignation might be well accepted from me. This was a kind bird's whisper. On that hint I spake. G—— and T—— furnished me with certificates of wasted health and sore spirits—not much more than the truth, I promise you—and for nine weeks I was kept in a fright. I had gone too far to recede, and they might take advantage and dismiss me with a much less sum than I had reckoned on. However, liberty came at last, with a liberal provision." It will be seen that Lamb, rhough varying the details, gives essentially the facts of his own story in the Elia sketch.

8 : 2. L——. The fictitious Lacy mentioned below.

8 : 15. Letter to Wordsworth, April 6, 1825: "I came home FOREVER on Tuesday in last week." April 6 was Wednesday, and the preceding Tuesday was March 29.

8 : 24. B——. The fictitious Bosanquet mentioned below.

9 : 4. *Pension for life*.—According to the Rev. Canon Ainger in the *Dictionary of National Biography* Lamb's pension amounted to "three-fourths of his salary, with a slight deduction to insure an allowance for his sister in the event of her surviving."

9 : 13, 14. The India House is here represented as a private firm. No such men were directors of the India House at the time of Lamb's retirement.

9 : 15. *Esto perpetua*.—The last words of Father Paul (or Paolo) Sarpi (1552–1623) spoken with reference to his native Venice.—See H. T. Riley's *Dictionary of Classical Quotations*.

9 : 16. The April 6 letter to Wordsworth contains many phrases that are reproduced almost without change in this paragraph of the Elia essay: "The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. . . . But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys; their conscious fugitiveness; the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings. . . . I lay no anxious schemes for going hither and thither, but take things as they occur. Yesterday I excursed twenty miles; to-day I write a few letters."

10 : 27. April 6 letter to Wordsworth : "Every year to be as long as three, *i.e.*, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own, in it!"—Letter to Barton (April) : "I will live another fifty years; or, if I live but ten, they will be thirty, reckoning the quantity of real time in them, *i.e.*, the time that is a man's own."

11 : 17-21. The lines are spoken by Verginia, "the Vestal", in *The Vestal Virgin*, Act V., Scene 1. Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698) was the brother-in-law of Dryden.

11 : 22. The very striking parallel in a letter to Barton (April) has already been quoted in the introductory note to this sketch.

12 : 15. *Ch*—; *Do*—; *Pl*—. Names probably as fictitious as those in "the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy."

12 : 18. *Gresham*.—A distinguished family. Sir Richard Gresham was Lord Mayor of London in 1537, and his younger brother, Sir John, was Lord Mayor ten years later. Lamb probably had in mind Sir Thomas Gresham (1519?-1579), a wealthy government financier, who erected (1564-68) at his own expense the Royal Exchange for merchants, in memory of his only son who died at the age of twenty in 1564.

12 : 18. *Whittington*. — Richard Whittington (d. 1423), a wealthy mercer who became Lord Mayor of London. "Dick" Whittington and his cat have become the heroes of popular ballads, puppet-shows, and nursery tales, which follow history chiefly in finally making Whittington Lord Mayor of London.

12 : 27. *Aquinas*.—The works of St. Thomas Aquinas, the illustrious theological philosopher of the thirteenth century, fill many folio volumes.

12 : 29. In the original text the sketch is here divided, the title reading, "THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.—No. II.", followed by the quotation from O'Keefe.

13 : 6. *Carthusian*.—The Carthusian order of monks in the Roman Catholic Church was founded by St. Bruno in the eleventh century.

13 : 11. *Bond Street*.—The various streets mentioned in this paragraph may all be located readily on the maps in Baedeker's *London*.

13 : 22. *'Change time*.—The Royal Exchange building that

stood in 1825 was burned in 1838. The present building is the third of the same kind on the same site. "At the east end of the Exchange a staircase . . . ascends to *Lloyd's Subscription Rooms*, the central point of every kind of business connected with navigation, maritime trade, marine insurance, and shipping intelligence. 'Lloyd's list' has been published regularly since 1721."—Baedeker's *London*.

13 : 23. *Elgin marbles*.—The remains of the sculptures executed by Phidias to adorn the Parthenon at Athens, brought from Athens (1801–12) by Lord Elgin, who in 1799 had been appointed to the embassy at Constantinople. They were purchased by the British Government in 1816.

13 : 31. *Wednesday feelings*.—Talfourd (vol. I. of his edition of Lamb) mentions that during Lamb's years of residence in Inner Temple Lane "the glory of his Wednesday nights shone forth in its greatest lustre. If you did not meet there the favorites of fortune, authors whose works bore the highest price in Paternoster Row, and who glittered in the circles of fashion, you might find those who had thought most deeply; felt most keenly; and were destined to produce the most lasting influence on the literature and manners of the age." Among them he mentions Hazlitt, Godwin, and Coleridge.

14 : 6. *Black Monday*.—The beginning of a new week of "task-work". It is well, however, to recall Launcelot's words (*Merchant of Venice*, Act II., Scene 5): "It was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last." "Black Monday" was Easter-Monday; so called because, in 1360, when King Edward III. was encamped before Paris, the "day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold."—Stowe's *Chronicles*.

14 : 12. *Cantle*.—Piece.—Hotspur (First Part of *King Henry IV.*, Act III., Scene 1) speaks of the river which

"cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out."

14 : 16. *Windsor*.—On the Thames, twenty odd miles above London.

14 : 17. *Lucretian pleasure*.—Lucretius, a Roman philosopher

and poet of the first century B.C., who developed and explained the Epicurean philosophy in a poem *De Rerum Natura*.

14:21. At this point the original text includes the long addition to which reference has been made at the beginning of these notes.

14:29. *As low as to the fiends*.—The quotation is from *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2. It is the last line of the first fragment disclaimed by the Player concerning "Priam's slaughter".

14:30. The original text reads, "I am no longer J——s D——n, Clerk to the Firm of, &c." The essay is signed "J. D."

15:6. *Cum dignitate air*.—Not necessarily a quotation, but perhaps from the current phrase "otium cum dignitate"—Cicero, *Pro Sestio*, cap. 45, where the order is "cum dignitate otium". Lamb's familiarity with the original is proved in a letter to Wordsworth, March 20, 1822, in a suggestive passage: "I dare not whisper to myself a pension on this side of absolute incapacitation and infirmity, till years have sucked me dry;—*Otium cum indignitate*."

15:10. *Opus operatum est*.—Probably not a quotation; at least it is not in the manuals, and it is not classical Latin. *Operatum est* is apparently not used in the sense here required ("is performed") earlier than ecclesiastical Latin, though there it is so used freely. Not improbably it is Latin of Lamb's own making, and the last word, "opera", of the preceding sentence seems to have suggested the word-play to the veteran punster.

NOTE.—The numerous parallel passages from Lamb's letters have been quoted not so much to prove that Lamb here pictured his own life, as to show how he selected and re-arranged his varied materials. That he did actually picture his own life we know from his own statement—letter to Wordsworth (undated, but undoubtedly in May, 1825): "In the 'London', which is just out (1st May), are two papers entitled 'The Superannuated Man', which I wish you to see. . . . The L. M. [*London Magazine*], if you can get it, will save my enlargement upon the topic of my manumission."

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

20 : 5. *William Cartwright* (1611-1643).—A minor dramatist, one of the followers or "sons" of Ben Jonson.

20 : 7. For full account of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" see Pierre M. Irving's *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, vol. I. chapter 15.

21 : 5. *Black-letter*.—"The Gothic or Old English letter, used in the earliest printed books."—*Standard Dictionary*. For further information see Lounsbury's *History of the English Language*, end of chapter 2.

21 : 7. *A history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors*.—Irving's own *Knickerbocker's History*, published in 1809.

21 : 20. In a speech before the New York Historical Society, one of Irving's personal friends, Gulian C. Verplanck, said: "It is painful to see a mind as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful, as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humor in a coarse caricature." With characteristic good-nature and "exuberant humor" Irving here makes his answer.

21 : 28. *New-year cakes*.—Oblong Dutch seed-cakes.

21 : 30. *Waterloo Medal*.—To commemorate Wellington's victory, June 18, 1815.

21 : 30. *Queen Anne's Farthing*.—According to a wholly erroneous popular tradition only three farthings were struck off during Queen Anne's reign (1702-1714). Hence they were valued on account of their supposed rarity. As a matter of fact there were eight coinages of farthings during Anne's reign.

22 : 21. *Peter Stuyvesant* (1602-1682).—Governed New Netherlands, 1647-1664.

22 : 31. One of the most admirable passages in *Knickerbocker's History* is the mock-heroic Siege of Fort Christina (Book 6, chapter 7). In chapter 4 of the same Book, the "Van Winkles of Haerlem" are said to be "noted for running of horses, and running up of scores at taverns; they were the first that ever winked with both eyes at once." The name Van Winkle did not, however, originate with Irving.

25 : 10. *Galli-gaskins*.—Long, loose hose or breeches.

27 : 2. *Van Bummel*.—A name found in the long list of Stuyvesant's followers in Knickerbocker's account of the battle of Fort Christina.

32 : 10. *Hollands*.—"Spirit flavored with juniper alone, especially that made in Holland. Called also *Holland gin*."—*Standard Dictionary*.

37 : 7. *Babylonish*.—Confused. The confusion of tongues at Babel is described in Genesis 11 : 1-9.

38 : 23. *Stony Point*.—A hill just below the Highlands on the Hudson River, captured by General Anthony Wayne, July 16, 1779. "The war," writes George Bancroft (chapter 39), "was marked by no more brilliant achievement."

38 : 24. *Antony's Nose*.—*Knickerbocker* (Book 6, chapter 3) relates that this promontory was named after Antony Van Corlear, Stuyvesant's trumpeter. As Antony was leaning over a vessel's side on the Hudson the sun's reflection from the trumpeter's huge nose "shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon." Accordingly Stuyvesant "gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood—and it has continued to be called Antony's Nose ever since that time."

40 : 8. *Gardenier*.—*Knickerbocker* (Book 6, chapter 4) mentions "the Gardeniers, of Hudson and thereabouts."

41 : 14. *Vanderdonk*.—The historian referred to is Adrian Van der Donck. He was prominent in the days of Peter Stuyvesant. For further discussion see Bryant—*Popular History of the United States*, vol. II, chapter 6.

41 : 24. *Hendrick Hudson*.—Henry Hudson discovered the river named in his honor in September, 1609. "Hendrick" is the Dutch spelling adopted by *Knickerbocker* (Book 2, chapter 1). "Half-moon" was the name of Hudson's vessel.

44 : 3. *Emperor Frederick der Rothbart*.—Frederick I. of Germany (1123?-1190), usually called Frederick Barbarossa, according to popular tradition did not die, but passed into a long sleep on the Kyffhausen mountain. Sometimes he will converse with those who visit his mountain, and rarely, when greatly pleased, will appear in person. Usually, however, he sits sleeping on a bench by an old stone round table. One version of the tradi-

tion has it that his beard has grown through the round table; another, that it has grown twice round it, and that, when it reaches three times round, he will be awakened. In reality Frederick Barbarossa was drowned on a crusade to the Holy Land in a river in Asia Minor, on the overland advance toward Palestine.

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

*The Great Stone Face.*—Between January 4, 1839, and the year 1840, is this entry in Hawthorne's *American Note-Books*: "The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone, by a *lusus naturæ*. The face is an object of curiosity for years or centuries, and by and by a boy is born, whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture, the resemblance is found to be perfect. A prophecy may be connected." Though this passage contains no specific reference to the Profile in the White Mountains, it is far from proof positive that Hawthorne did not have in mind the actual "Old Man of the Mountain". At any rate it is impossible not to believe that, when he came to write his story some ten years later, Hawthorne had the real Profile in mind. That he was versed in White Mountain lore we know from *The Ambitious Guest*, in *Twice-Told Tales*, the story of the Willey House slide.

50 · 8. Hawthorne makes no attempt to reproduce exactly the atmosphere or local color of the Franconia Notch. The valley does not contain in reality "many thousand inhabitants", nor are there "populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet . . . had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories."

51 : 11. The Profile, or "Old Man of the Mountain", is formed by rock-ledges on the upper cliffs of Mount Cannon in the White Mountains. "There is a tradition", says Sweetser's guide-book, *The White Mountains*, "that it was worshipped by the Indians in ancient times, but this is doubtful. It was discovered in the year 1805, by Francis Whitcomb and Luke Brooks, who were working on the Notch road, and saw it while washing their hands in Profile Lake. They exclaimed, 'That is Jefferson', he being then President."

51 : 19. The real dimensions are greatly exaggerated. According to the New Hampshire State Survey in 1871 the three disconnected ledges forming the face have an aggregate height of 36-40 feet. "One rock", says Sweetser, "forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and the third the massive chin."

54 : 29. *Gathergold*.—An allegorical name, after Bunyan's fashion in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

55 : 18. *Midas*.—According to mythology, Bacchus, in return for hospitality to his teacher and companion, Silenus, offered Midas, king of Phrygia, his choice of reward. Thoughtlessly Midas asked that whatever he touched should be converted into gold. He soon found that food and wine alike changed to gold, and finally obtained from Bacchus release from a gift that had become a curse.

60 : 21. *Old Blood-and-Thunder*.—Generally thought to be not merely an allegorical personification of the Warrior, but a picture of General Andrew Jackson (1767-1845), hero of the War of 1812, and seventh president of the United States. His obstinate courage gained him the nickname of "Old Hickory".

64 : 27. Though one should not seek to interpret all the details of this allegorical sketch, it seems fair to say that, in main outlines, Ernest suggests Ralph Waldo Emerson.

66 : 1. *Eminent statesman*.—Daniel Webster. "Old Stony Face" is certainly more than an allegorical name. In *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, Julian Hawthorne discusses at length the varying estimates of Webster held by his father and mother (vol. I, pages 476-481). He says : "The point to which I more particularly allude is Mrs. Hawthorne's estimate of Webster. She could not bring herself quite to believe that he was not as great as he looked ; but Hawthorne had formed a somewhat different opinion. This opinion is set forth, by the by, in the story of *The Great Stone Face*." He thereupon quotes some two pages of the description of "Old Stony Phiz", concluding with the remark, "Such was Hawthorne's reading of the character of Webster."

66 : 2. *Native of the valley*.—Though Webster was not a native of the Franconia valley he was born not very far south of it, in Salisbury, New Hampshire. At that time (1782) Webster's father was one of the pioneers who had pushed furthest into the northern wilderness. In a speech at Saratoga in 1840, Webster

said : "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin ; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

66 : 23. Webster's Presidential aspirations are well known. In 1836, when the Whig Presidential candidate varied in different states, Webster carried Massachusetts, and received her fourteen votes in the electoral college. In the campaigns of 1848 and 1852 Webster had some support, chiefly from New England.

70 : 22. It has been suggested already that Hawthorne seems to have drawn upon Ralph Waldo Emerson for the main outlines of Ernest. Hawthorne's first Concord home was the "Old Manse" where Emerson had lived and written his *Nature*.

71 : 14. *A new poet*.—Hawthorne's picture can hardly be made to fit exactly any actual poet. The general nature-philosophy suggests Wordsworth, while some phrases recall the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. Perhaps Hawthorne had in mind the Concord poet of the woods, Henry D. Thoreau. Both Ernest and the "new poet", however, though colored possibly by recollections of Emerson and Thoreau, are probably Hawthorne's own ideal creations.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

82 : 1. *At Paris*.—Three of Poe's so-called "Tales of Ratiocination", *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, and *The Purloined Letter*, introduce the same set of characters in Paris.

82 : 4. *Dupin*.—The narrator's meeting with Dupin "at an obscure library" is described in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. Dupin is pictured as "of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, [*he*] had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patri-

mony, and upon the income arising from this he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessaries of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities." Dupin possesses "a peculiar analytic ability" which enables him to solve mysteries that baffle the conscientious, but uninspired, "Prefect G——".

82 : 5. *Faubourg St. Germain*.—A quarter of Paris on the south side of the Seine.

82 : 13. *The affair of the Rue Morgue*.—Poe's most celebrated detective story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1841.

82 : 14. *The murder of Marie Rogêt*.—Poe's *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt* appeared in three monthly issues of Snowden's *Lady's Companion* (November, December, 1842—February, 1843).

83 : 3. *Monsieur G——*.—The Parisian detective introduced in the earlier stories. Dupin, in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, characterizes him as "somewhat too cunning to be profound. . . . But he is a good creature after all."

93 : 18. *Abernethy*.—John Abernethy (1764–1831), an eminent London surgeon, medical scientist, and teacher.

95 : 17. *Procrustean bed*.—Procrustes, a legendary Greek robber, tortured his captives by making them exactly conform to the size of a certain bed. If they were too short, their limbs were stretched out; if too long, they were cut off.

97 : 2. *Rochefoucauld*.—A great French writer of the seventeenth century whose *Maximes* appeared in 1665.

*La Bruyère*.—A celebrated seventeenth-century French moralist whose *Caractères* appeared in 1688.

*Machiavelli* (1469–1527).—The famous Florentine whose *Principe* sets forth political principles which have since made the adjective "Machiavellian" a synonym for "unscrupulous" or "treacherous".

97 : 3. *Campanella* (1568–1639).—One of the most brilliant of the Italian Renaissance philosophers.

99 : 3. *Non distributio medii*.—This obvious flaw in reasoning is called in logic the "fallacy of the undistributed middle". Full discussion of the rules of the syllogism may be found in Jevons-Hill, *Elements of Logic*.

99 : 11. *As poet and mathematician*.—Throughout this story are strong evidences that Poe's defence is framed not merely for

the purposes of the story, but for his personal satisfaction in defending his own union of the poetic and analytic faculties.

99 : 20. *Chamfort* (1741-1794).—Author of the brilliant *Pensées, maximes, et anecdotes*.

100 : 29. *Bryant*.—Jacob Bryant, an eighteenth-century antiquary, best known for his *A New System or an Analysis of Ancient Mythology*. London, 1774. 2 vols. Third vol. 1776.

108 : 8. *Facilis descensus Averni*.—The quotation is from Vergil, *Æneid*, Book 6, line 126. The correct text has "Averno".

108 : 9. *Catalani* (d. 1849).—A celebrated Italian singer who sang in the great European capitals with signal success.

108 : 13. *Monstrum horrendum*.—The quotation is from Vergil, *Æneid*, Book 3, line 658, description of Polyphemus :

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

108 : 31. *Crébillon's Atrée*.—Crébillon (1674-1762), a French tragic poet, whose *Atrée et Thyeste* was produced successfully in 1707.

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

**Heading.** *Harry Rollicker*. Evidently suggested by the name of Lever's first famous novel, *Harry Lorrequer* (1837).

113 : 1. *Gabion*.—"A wicker basket, of cylindrical form, usually open at both ends, intended to be filled with earth, for use in fortification and engineering."—Murray, *English Dictionary on Historical Principles*.

113 : 2. *Embrasure*.—"Mil. An opening, widening from within made in an epaulement or parapet for the purpose of allowing a gun to be fired through it."—Murray.

114 : 1. *Pontoon*.—"Mil. A vessel used in the construction of floating bridges, to support the roadway, as a flat bottomed boat, a metal cylinder, or a frame covered with canvas."—*Standard Dictionary*.

114 : 2. *Tumbrcl*.—"Mil. A two-wheeled covered cart for carrying tools, etc., and acting as a tender to a battery."—*Standard Dictionary*. These military terms are introduced to burlesque the military vocabulary of Lever.

114 : 3. *Cambacères*.—An eminent French statesman of the Napoleonic era, created Duke of Parma in 1808.

114 : 7. *Glacis*.—"An easy slope of earth directly in front of and designed to cover a fortification."—*Standard Dictionary*.

114 : 10. Doctor Finucane in *Lorrequer* is, like most of Lever's characters, a lover of the bottle.

114 : 21. The French phrases introduced in the dialogue and the French terms scattered here and there throughout the rest of the text are an excellent parody of Lever. "Sawbones" is, of course, a playful name for the Doctor.

114 : 31. *Sabretache*.—"Mil. A leather pocket hung from the left side of a sword-belt in certain mounted divisions of European armies."—*Standard Dictionary*.

115 : 4. *Artois*.—Now Pas-de-Calais, one of the northernmost departments of France.

115 : 14. Thackeray's Hibernian French is not for the philologist, but the first word suggests "Nom d'un diable !"

115 : 26. *Pope's nose*.—It is probably superfluous to cite the dictionary definition, "the rump of a bird". The far-fetched word-plays that follow are after Lever's fashion.

116 : 1. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.—Lever is fond of putting quotations from the classics, as well as French phrases and bits of English poetry, into the mouths of his characters. *Nil Nisi Bonum* is the title of one of Thackeray's best *Roundabout Papers*.

116 : 8. How admirably Thackeray parodies Lever's Irish drinking-songs may be seen by comparing these two songs with those in *Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley*.

116 : 26. *Ogle*. One of Lever's favorite words; e.g.

"He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench."

—*Charles O'Malley*, chap. 15.

"They don't ogle a man

O'er the top of their fan."—Chap. 84.

117 : 18. *Sir Hussey Vivian*.—An English general under Wellington, in the Peninsular War.

117 : 20. *Just as the moon rose in her silver splendor*.—A touch of parody upon Lever's occasional tendency to soar above the regions of ordinary prose.

117 : 22. *General Picton and Sir Lowry Cole*.—British army officers, under Wellington, in the Peninsular War.

118 : 8. *The humble writer of this tale of war*.—Lever's heroes

are so "sick of self-love" that their real egotism pierces constantly their assumed garb of humility. Later on, Thackeray parodies Lever's habit of making his heroes associate on intimate terms with crowned heads and other celebrities.

118:24. This "celebrated Colonel" was created a Marquis not by Napoleon, but by Thackeray. An Irish "O'Mahony" was, however, recognized in the French peerage, 1788-89.

118:26. *Austerlitz*.—Napoleon's memorable victory over the Austrians and Russians, Dec. 2, 1805.

119:4. *Echelon*.—"Mil. An arrangement of troops in the form of steps, each rank or division being parallel with the others, but not in the same alinement."—*Standard Dictionary*.

119:14. *Demi-lune*.—"Fort. A ravelin-like outwork, having two faces and two small flanks, covering the shoulders and curtain of the bastion."—*Standard Dictionary*.

119:15. *Culverin*.—A large, long cannon.

119:17. *Counterscarp*.—"Fort. The slope of a ditch opposite the parapet; sometimes, the entire covered way, with its parapet."—*Standard Dictionary*.

119:18. *Soult*.—One of Napoleon's marshals.

119:27. *Joachim Murat*.—King of Naples, a celebrated French cavalry leader, made a marshal in 1804. After the battle of Leipzig (1813) he deserted Napoleon's cause, but later sought to espouse it again.

120:3-5. This is splendid parody of such a typical passage of Lever as that in chapter 120 of *Charles O'Malley*. There the hero's horse is shot under him at Waterloo and falls dead, "crushing me beneath his cumbrous weight, lifeless and insensible." Then follow stars in the text and the narrative is resumed as follows: "The day was breaking; the cold, gray light of morning was struggling through the misty darkness, when I once more recovered my consciousness."

120:13. *Lanty Clancy*.—Phil Fogarty's faithful follower recalls Micky Free, O'Malley's amusing Irish servant, in *Charles O'Malley*.

121:12. *Burgos*.—In northern Spain, the scene of a signal defeat of the Spanish by the French under Soult in 1808. It was unsuccessfully besieged by Wellington in 1812, but was surrendered to him in the following year.

121 : 25. *Broussais, Esquirol, and Baron Larrey*.—Three celebrated French physicians of the Napoleonic period.

121 : 31. *Gallant Lucan*.—Patrick Sarsfield, titular Earl of Lucan (d. 1693), a gallant and popular Irish military leader.

123 : 1. *Verdun*.—Near the north-eastern frontier of France.

123 : 9. *Talleyrand*.—Famous French diplomat, created by Napoleon a prince of the empire, under the title of Prince de Bénévent.

123 : 11. *Ney*.—Napoleon's brave marshal who commanded in person the last charge of the Old Guard.

123 : 12. *Murat*.—See note on 119 : 27.

123 : 14. Both Ney and Murat were executed in 1815—the former because he went over to Napoleon when sent against him, the latter because of a vain attempt to regain his lost kingdom of Naples.

123 : 18. *Prince of Benevento*.—Talleyrand.

123 : 24. *Empress Josephine*. Napoleon's first wife, married in 1796, divorced in 1809.

123 : 25. *Malmaison*.—Empress Josephine's country seat near Paris, whither after her divorce from Napoleon she retired on a generous pension.

123 : 26. *Her Austrian successor*.—Maria Louisa of Austria, Napoleon's second wife, married to him in 1810.

124 : 1. *Pauline Bonaparte*.—Napoleon's favorite sister.

*Madame de Staël*.—Daughter of the great financier Necker. Her *salon* was an illustrious resort of the literary and political world. Of her writings perhaps the best known are *Corinne* and *De l'Allemagne*.

124 : 2. *Madame Récamier*.—Some years younger than Madame de Staël, and famous for her similar *salon*.

124 : 3. *Robespierre's widow*.—Robespierre, the most famous and most fanatical of the republican leaders of the French Revolution, was executed in 1794 at the guillotine to which he had previously condemned so many hundreds.

124 : 6. *Baron Gros* (1771–1835).—A French painter, pupil of David, made a baron of the Empire by Napoleon.

*David* (1748–1825).—A French painter, most of whose best-known works are on historical and classical subjects.

*Poussin* (1594–1665).—A celebrated French painter whom Rus-

kin in his *Modern Painters* criticises quite severely. He is obviously out of his proper chronological setting.

124 : 7. *Canova* (1757-1822).—One of the leading modern Italian sculptors. In 1802 he went by invitation to Paris to make a statue of Napoleon.

124 : 8. *Leo X.* (1475-1521).—A post-mortem appearance of the famous Pope, Giovanni de Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Like Poussin, Leo X. is obviously out of place, but adds to the humor of the burlesque. Phil Fogarty's eagerness to introduce great names carries him away from even the appearance of a truthful account.

124 : 18. *Lannes*.—One of Napoleon's bravest and ablest marshals.

*Prince of Wagram*.—Berthier, a French general, created Prince of Wagram for his services at the battle of Wagram, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians, July, 1809.

125 : 24. *Théâtre Français*.—The *Comédie Française*, the most celebrated French theatre.

125 : 27. *Marengo*.—A village in northern Italy, where Bonaparte defeated the Austrians, June 14, 1800.

*Friedland*.—In eastern Prussia, the scene of Napoleon's victory over the Russians and Prussians, June 14, 1807, which led to the Treaty of Tilsit.

126 : 5. *Punch or negus*.—The bibulous habits of Lever's characters should be again recalled. Negus is a concoction of wine, water, and lemon-juice sweetened.

126 : 7. *Eugène Beauharnais*.—The step-son of Napoleon, adopted by Napoleon in 1806. In 1812 he showed his fidelity to the man who had abandoned his mother by leading safely back to Leipzig the remnant of the grand army after the terrible Russian campaign of 1812.

126 : 13. *The Tuileries*.—The Palais des Tuileries, on the north side of the Seine in Paris, was occupied by Napoleon. It was burned by the Communards in 1871.

126 : 15. *Massena*.—One of Napoleon's marshals, defeated by Wellington in the Peninsular War.

128 : 26. *Whistling "Garryowen"*.—In the first chapter of *Lorrequer* the regiment marches into Cork to the tune of "Garryowen". This passage recalls the situation in chapter 2 of *Lor-*

*requer* where the hero, "humming an air, with great appearance of indifference stepped out homeward."

129 : 24. *Salamanca*.—In Spain, where Wellington defeated the French, July 22, 1812.

130 : 7. For a characteristic duel scene in *Lever*, see *Lorrequer*, chapter 5.

130 : 21. *Ponterotto*.—Italian for "broken bridge."

130 : 30. *Epaulements*.—"A covering mass raised to protect from the fire of the enemy, but differing from a parapet in having no arrangement made for the convenient firing over it by defenders."—Murray.

131 : 2. *Arcola*.—In northern Italy, the scene of Bonaparte's three days' successful battle against the Austrians, November, 1796.

*Montenotte*.—In northern Italy, the scene of one of Bonaparte's early victories over the Austrians, April, 1796.

*Friedland*.—See note on 125 : 27.

131 : 3. *Mazagran*.—A village in Algeria, successfully defended, according to the rather dubious account, in February, 1840, by 23 Frenchmen against 12,000 Arabs. The battle is as obviously out of chronological place as *Leo X.* (p. 124 : 8).

*Suwaroff* (1729-1800).—A Russian general who won some victories over the French in 1799, but lost the favor of Emperor Paul.

*Prince Charles*.—Grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar. He entered the Prussian army, joined the coalition against Napoleon in 1813, and fought among the allies in 1815.

*General Castanos*.—A Spanish general in the Peninsular War.

131 : 16. *Milhaud*.—A French count and general.

131 : 20. *Foy*.—A French general and orator.

*Drouet d'Erlon*.—A marshal of France.

131 : 25. *Uhlans*.—"Mil. A cavalryman and lancer, chiefly employed in reconnoitering, skirmishing, and outpost-duty; originally light-armed, and of Eastern Europe, but now prominent in some other European armies, notably the German, in which, however, troops of this character are classed among the heavy cavalry."—*Standard Dictionary*.

132 : 25. *Lever* is renowned for the tremendous horse-leaps in his novels. See chapter 2 of *Lorrequer*, or chapter 4 of *Charles*.

*O'Malley*. In chapter 37 O'Malley's horse clears a mule cart "at a bound."

133 : 1. *Siéyès*.—One of the chief political thinkers and writers of the French Revolution and the First Empire.

NOTE.—The caustic essay on *Charles O'Malley* by Edgar Allan Poe is a valuable supplement to Thackeray's burlesque. *The Life of Charles Lever* (2 vols.) by W. J. Fitzpatrick contains many pages on Thackeray's connection with Lever. Among other things Fitzpatrick says (vol. I, page 340) : "Thackeray's travesty had doubtless due effect in bringing about that thorough change in style which we find soon after inaugurated. . . . Under irony he winced, and it may be said, succumbed. We find no more books of the *O'Malley* and *Tom Burke* family, once Thackeray's travesty appeared. After *Phil Fogarty : a Novel by an Eminent Hand*, Lever declared he might shut up shop."

## CHARLES DICKENS.

The most casual study of the period of oppression culminating in the French Revolution will prove that Dickens's story of Dr. Manette does not exaggerate history. *Dr. Manette's Manuscript* has marked unity and forward movement of plot. The occasional breaks in the text, and the writer's reiterated fear of detection while at work on the manuscript, never let the reader long forget the supposed circumstances of its composition.

157 : 20. Ernest Defarge, Dr. Manette's old servant, is in the novel the accuser at the trial of Charles Darnay (Evremonde). On the day of the destruction of the Bastille, Defarge, knowing that Dr. Manette has occupied cell "One Hundred and Five, North Tower," has searched it and found Dr. Manette's manuscript. This he now proceeds to use as evidence against Lucie Manette's husband. The sins of the father are visited upon the son.

## FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

The time chosen for the story—1850—is near the beginning of the "gold craze". In 1854 Bret Harte himself reached California, and learned to know life in early Californian mining

camp at first hand. From almost every standpoint of narrative art *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* merits close examination.

165 : 2. *Sluice-robber*.—The miner's sluice is a board trough, arranged with cleats or "riffles" holding quicksand, for separating gold from placer-dirt washed through the trough by a current of water.

165 : 12. *Parthian volley*.—The Parthians of western Asia were famous for shooting parting arrows as they retreated before their foes.

167 : 2. *Pariah-trade*.—The Pariah is a Hindu outcast. Mr. Oakhurst's trade has made him an *outcast* of Poker Flat.

172 : 25. *Covenanter's swing*.—The Covenanters were the Scotch Presbyterians who combined in the "Solemn League and Covenant for the Reformation and Defense of Religion" (1638). With stubborn defiance they battled for the right to worship God in their own way.

174 : 29. *Pope's ingenious translation of the Iliad*.—Pope's translation in the "heroic couplet" appeared 1715–1720.

175 : 6. *The wrath of the son of Peleus*.—The anger of Achilles against Agamemnon for depriving him of the captive maiden, Briseis, caused his long retirement from the ranks of the Greeks.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

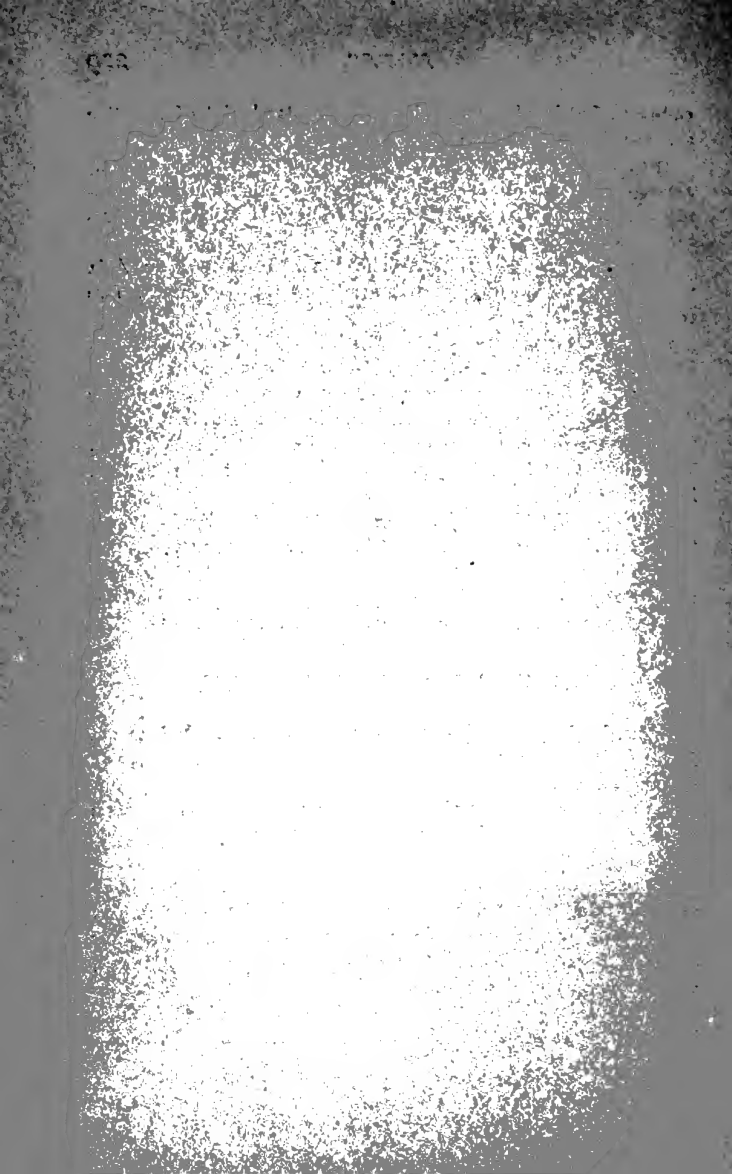
197 : 18. Napoleon, calmness itself on the battle-field, would fly into fits of uncontrollable rage at such petty annoyances as defeats at chess.

197 : 20. Napoleon claimed that the winter-season of 1812 came unduly early, and was responsible for much of the terrible result of the Russian campaign.

198 : 13. *Sheraton sideboard*.—Thomas Sheraton (1751–1806), an artistic designer of furniture insisted on simplicity and utility.

*Cabinet of marquetry*.—"Inlaid work of ornamental woods, or of woods interspersed with stones of various colors, ivory, metal, mother-of-pearl, etc."—*Standard Dictionary*.

199 : 11. *Jacobean*.—"Of or pertaining to the time of James I. of England and sometimes of James II."—*Standard Dictionary*.





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